MACLEAN'S

JULY 1 1953 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

The Lawyer Who Beats The Hangman

HAS ANTHONY EDEN LOST HIS CHANCE?

By Beverley Baxter





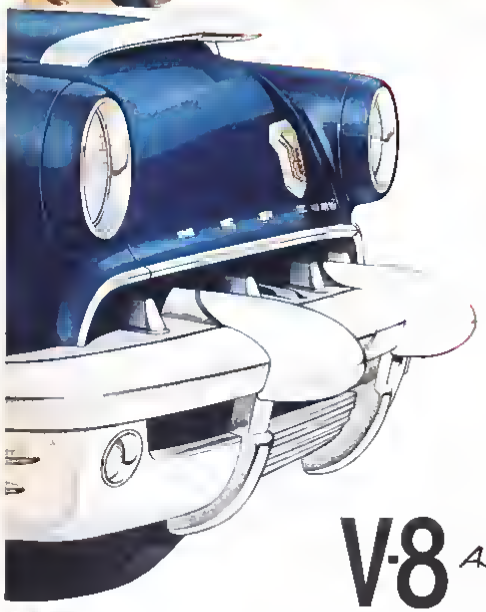
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EDITORIAL

WHAT'S WRONG WITH AN ARGUMENT?

NOT SINCE the war, perhaps not since the Spanish American War have so many mutual irritations bedeviled the English speaking world No amount of high level conferring can or will erase those irritations for most of them spring from the grass roots and the grass of the English speaking world comes in a thousand shades and textures

It does no good to hope that two men even two men of the stature of Sir Winston Churchill and Dwight Eisenhower can eliminate all the differences of belief and aspiration that grew in the differing soils of Hastings Flodden Agincourt Runnymede, Bunker Hill Gettysburg, the Plains of Abraham Batoche It does no good to complain that the differences would disappear if only Senators McCarthy and Knowland on one side of the ocean and Clement Attlee and Nye Bevan on the other would begin practicing the gentle arts of diplomacy It is doubtful wisdom to assume that Ottawa and Washington need never disagree if they will only pretend that they have nothing over which to disagree

The dangerous thing about the growing wave of dispute is not the existence of dispute but the growing tendency on all sides to conclude that dispute is impossible between men of good will It is upon such little rocks of falsity that towering edifices of suspicion and mistrust are built See how they rise! First the foundation if two nations disagree, one of them must be dead wrong and probably wicked to boot Then the first storey the United States and Britain cannot agree whether Communist China should be recognized and admitted to the United Nations Then the second storey in many British eyes the American attitude is not only influenced by but absolutely dictated by a sinister China Lobby devoted to restoring a corrupt regime to a nation where it is not wanted In many American eyes the British attitude is absolutely dictated by a sinister race of traders and imperialists bent on saving their trade and their empire even at the cost of appeasing the blackest tyranny Finally the top storey a new Communist peace offensive gets under way and Britain reacts with some eagerness and the United States with great caution what can this mean to a cynical American except that Britain again wants peace at any price? what can it mean to a cynical Briton except that America is afraid of peace, even should it be available for no price at all?

At some point in this particular edifice of truth half truth and falsehood argument ceases to be argument and becomes mere invective There is always danger in invective but the danger is lessened not increased by maintaining respect for the process of argument

Why shouldn't we argue? We've got lots to argue about The current cry that we must suppress abandon or soften our arguments out of recognition offers no real solution to any important dispute. It does however offer aid and comfort to the mere name callers who will be only too happy to be left in full control of the rostrum

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

THE rapidly increasing size of Maclean's has caused further staff additions **Eric Hutton's** name is the latest to be added to our masthead as assistant editor Hutton has more than twenty years of writing and editing experience He has been an editor on the Toronto Star Weekly Magazine Digest and National Home Monthly His name and his picture are already familiar to Maclean's readers Born in the West Indies he recently wrote in this magazine about the prospects of his homeland becoming part of the Dominion of Canada Ottawa editor **Blair Fraser** recently received the degree of Doctor of Laws from his alma mater Acadia University at Wolfville N S



Max Rosenfeld



Fred Sloman

Dr Fraser graduated in 1928 We welcome a new writer to this issue in **Max Rosenfeld** who wrote His Clients Never Hang page 20 A former associate editor of Magazine Digest Max went to France in 1947 to do graduate work at the Sorbonne There he grew a beard and learned to cook The last time **Fred Sloman** (The Keys to the Car page 15) sold us a fiction story it won third prize in our 1948 short-story contest He is a bush teacher by profession (in a railway school near Capreol Ont.)

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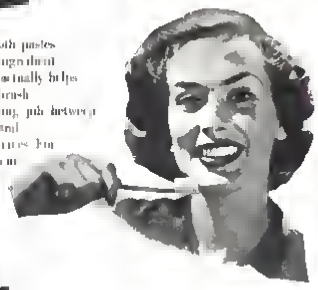
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OF CARDINALS AND KINGS

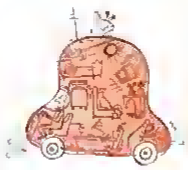
Bruce Hutchison in the Revolt of the Army (May 15) tries to make a mystery about something that is no mystery at all. King was made leader of the Liberal Party by Quebec delegates and was determined to stand by them. A plebiscite shows a very great race except our favourite which is regularly used between Toronto and Vancouver. F. A. King, Montreal.

● For a fine certificate on Cardinal Léger a big "Thanks." V. Bates, Telfield, Alta.

A Car for Canada

The Car of the Future (May 15) ended on this note: "American and Canadian manufacturers know a trend when they see it. They will give us what we want." Canadian-built cars are carbon copies of the American product so I presume that whatever the average American driver wants he will get with a carbon copy handed to the average Canadian driver.

Surely we Canadians are not completely satisfied with carbon copies. How about a car that can be full standing out all night at 45 below that would still be warm when you get into it in the morning that will start in a flash and will have all around visibility all the time even in a sleet storm. Why can't we have a car with better balance for better traction on ice with a differential that can be locked out or



with some sort of gyroscope to prevent spinning the drive wheels on ice, also with some sort of braking gadget to help prevent skidding on ice? Why can't we have cars that will operate equally as well at 100 above zero 50 below or anywhere between without having to change oil, gear lube transmission fluid carburetor setting etc. and that will be free from the troubles caused by condensation in the engine and gas tank? Why can't we have cars that can be kept warm while parked without killing the occupants with carbon monoxide poisoning?

Why can't cars, built in Canada by Canadians be built for Canadians? – Hugh M. Matheson, Ottawa.

Somebody Loves Us

I shall read your splendid magazine as long as I am an inhabitant of this vale of woe. – Georgina Hunt, Saskatoon.

● We enjoy the magazine no end especially the conflicting letters to the Mailbag. They are priceless. – Mrs. I. L. Mailander, Venice, Calif. ★

Beverley Baxter on page 12

Canada 1 and 2). Cardinal Léger rests in the Canadian Pacific buffet lounge sleeper Mount Fairview which is regularly used between Toronto and Vancouver. – F. A. Kemp, Montreal.

● I think your author and Maclean's owe the Canadian Army of the Second Great War a deep and humble apology. – Cpl. G. R. Leighton, Calgary.

● Your long-drawn-out stories of the life of the late Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King by Bruce Hutchison were to say the least a new low in partisan Tory sum... the object no doubt was to belittle a man held in great esteem by all Canada for thirty years over twenty years of this in federal power and not allow to defend himself from the half truths. – Jas. Michie, Toronto.

The Family in the Palace

Congratulations to Pierre Berton for his series on the Royal Family. I've enjoyed every one. Your standard is high; keep it so. – E. M. Paterson, Aylmer, Ont.

● Page 13 of your May 1 issue dealing with the visit of the royal party to Calgary has a caption under the picture "Mayor Don Mackay gave a running commentary." That is not Mayor Mackay, but Jim Cross, Calgary brewing magnate, who was president of this Stampede that year. – A. L. Tomlinson, Vancouver.

● Berton really excelled himself when he quoted the Queen as saying "Looks like I'm pinching a book from the church!" No educated English person certainly not the Queen would ever use such atrocious grammar. – D. Austin, Vancouver.

The Age of a Cardinal

In your May 15 issue Mr. Kenzie Porter writes re Cardinal Léger that "his English-speaking contemporary James Cardinal McGuigan was at least ten years older when he was raised to the purple." Such is not the case as Cardinal McGuigan was fifty two when he received the red hat while Cardinal Léger is forty eight – a difference of only four years. – A. J. Reynolds, Toronto.

● It was stated that His Eminence returned to Montreal in the private car used by the Queen in 1951. He did not. Princess Elizabeth (as she was then) toured the country in the Governor-General's private car. (Dominion of



BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE at Ottawa

The Coach Gets a Chance to Score

YOU CAN get up a lively discussion in Ottawa any day on the question: Will it do the Liberals good or harm to have Jack Pickersgill a cabinet minister?

There is no argument about his ability. Conservatives often describe Pickersgill as "one of the most powerful men in Canada"—which he is, but it isn't as sinister as they make it sound. Jack Pickersgill's power lies solely in the trust that two prime ministers learned to place in his judgment. He has a brilliant and subtle mind, a card index memory and a great capacity for work.

Superficially his background is like that of many another top level civil servant. He was an outstanding student in Manitoba—an IODE scholar at Oxford, a history professor for a short while before he took the examinations for the Department of External Affairs.

Unlike most men of his type, Pickersgill showed a rare talent for practical politics. Of all the many bright young men seconded to the personal staff of Prime Minister Mackenzie King, he alone became a worthy disciple of the Old Master in the art of political manoeuvre. And it was his skill in this field as well as his profound knowledge of the background of Government policy that made him indispensable to the incoming Prime Minister St. Laurent.

He is still indispensable, which apparently accounts for the plan to bring him into active politics. St. Laurent needs Pickersgill's help and counsel on tours of all kinds, at a Commonwealth conference in London or a political meeting in Trois Pistoles.

When Pickersgill's title was Special Assistant to the Prime Minister, he used to go on all these trips unnoticed. Only after he succeeded Norman Robertson as Secretary of the Cabinet and Clerk of the Privy Council did his presence attract the Opposition's attention.

Actually Pickersgill made a real attempt to divest himself of party when he took the new job. The attempt was not quite successful. Some of his friends were reminded of a matrimonial advertisement we once saw in the Hindustan Times in New Delhi, offering in marriage an experienced virgin. Pickersgill was certainly experienced.

Nevertheless it was a matter for great astonishment among his friends in the press gallery when his entry into the cabinet was predicted. We had thought of Jack as having tastes and interests like our own, and a political reporter would no more want to be a politician than a horse player would want to be a horse. Most of us thought Pickersgill was crazy.

Whether he is or not, he has some disadvantages to overcome. One of them is caused by an admirable human quality, his dislike of personal publicity.

Pickersgill has always been one of those men President Roosevelt once named for, with a passion for anonymity. His friends always knew he wouldn't thank them for putting his name in the paper. Suggestions of a "profile" article which cropped up about once a year from each Canadian magazine, were acidly discouraged.

The unfortunate result, though, is that practically everything the general public knows about Pickersgill is unfavorable. They know him as a man the Opposition has criticized as a man suspected (not without) *Continued on page 54*



Cartoon by Grenville



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MACLEAN'S
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Col. H. Willis-O'Connor, for twenty-four years chief Rideau Hall aide, now tells the lively details of his

LIFE WITH FIVE GOVERNORS-GENERAL



1 BYNG: After the bitter 1926 constitution crisis he remarked, "Well, sometime had to be the gout."



2 WILLINGDON: His wife rocked MPs with the bills she ran up in redecorating the official mansion.



3 BESSBOROUGH: sweated over his reports and just didn't know when to call a halt to bridge games.

WITH MADGE MACBETH

PART ONE OF TWO PARTS

IN PUBLIC a governor-general's face must never betray that he is bored; his feet must never show that he would like to get off them and relax instead of inspecting more "points of interest," and his words must be so carefully chosen that they will never involve him in political controversy. The compartment required by his office can make him seem austere and aloof, more a symbol than an individual.

Inside Government House, except during formal functions, it is different. The symbol recedes and the personality emerges. Behind the scenes, each of the five governors-general I served as principal aide-de-camp at Government House was intensely human.

Lord Byng of Vimy, the first of them, loved old clothes—the older the better—and insisted on dressing like a tramp when he was not on display. Lord Willingdon, who achieved great ambitions, allied in the small one of beating his wife at golf. The Earl of Bessborough, my third vice-regal boss, worried over his monthly letter to the King the way a schoolboy worries over an examination paper. When he had to sign an order for the execution of a murderer, one of the unpleasant duties of a governor-general, he was depressed for days.

Lord Tweedsmuir, in private life a distinguished author of ghost stories on winter evenings in his staff and their children. The Earl of Athlone, a member of the Royal Family, was a radio fan whose special liking was for comedians. He carried a thick billfold and often told me that since he hadn't had much money in his hands before coming to Canada, he liked the unaccustomed feel of it in his pocket.

The wives of the governors-general were equally human. Lady Byng was capable of startling bursts of profanity and was afraid of thunder storms. Lady Willingdon could be sharp-tongued and overbearing, but could also be very kind. She was sorry for shabby dowagers and often she sent them gifts anonymously from her own wardrobe. Besides being beautiful, the Countess of Bessborough had all the housewifely virtues. Lady Tweedsmuir was an inveterate shopper who couldn't resist a bargain, especially an artificial pearl necklace for a dollar. Princess Alice, wife of the Earl of Athlone, had the heartiest laugh imaginable.

Such were the occupants of Government House from 1921 to 1945. My job as principal ADC can be described as social soldiering. I drew my pay as an army officer for taking charge of all entertaining, including the delicate project of seating temperamental guests according to proper precedence at dinner. I also had to assign the tasks of the junior aides at least one of whom must be in attendance on Their Excellencies even when only the family is gathering.

An unbalanced bank ledger and an explosion were indirectly responsible for my appointment as the



THE BESSBOROUGHS

Viceregal family posed with guest Sir Robert Borden after baptism of son they named St Lawrence to honor Canadian birth. Children, at rear, are Lady Moyra and Lord Duncannon

first Canadian ADC to Government House in a century. My father, an Ottawa lawyer who was government solicitor under Sir John A. Macdonald for eighteen years, wanted me to be a banker. I tried this briefly and proved I had no facility for it. I had a brief fling at selling gas heaters. One of them blew up while I was demonstrating it to a customer. After that, I joined the permanent force and in 1915 a friend, Maj.-Gen. Arthur Currie (later Sir Arthur) chose me as his ADC at Canadian divisional headquarters in France.

We were at the Ypres salient when Lieut.-Gen. Sir Julian Byng drove into camp to visit Currie. I had seen lots of top brass by then but he impressed me deeply. He was quiet, reserved and as soft-spoken as Currie himself. I noticed that he had a curious way of dropping his eyes as though wanting to hide a smile in them. I was to treasure his friendship until he died.

In 1918 I was staying with him and Lady Byng at Thorpe Hall, their lovely home in Essex, when an item in The Times predicted that Byng would be the next governor-general of Canada.

"There must be some mistake," Byng said. "I know nothing about it." Then he added laughingly that if the news were true I would have to be his ADC. In a joking spirit I agreed. I thought no more of it for many months, not until, back in Canada, I received a cable from Byng. The forecast had been accurate. He was the new governor-general, and I was his ADC.

Lord Byng, he won elevated to the peerage just before sailing from England, loved his job. He filled the viceregal post with a fine philosophical attitude and had fun on the side. In uniform he was sartorial perfection but out of uniform he was just the reverse. Once when I protested about this he grinned in his puckish way and remarked: "I'll wager you've never had another governor-general who bought his clothes from 'Moss Brothers.' Moss Brothers of London rents costumes for theatricals, balls and even for coronations; you can buy a suit there new or secondhand." It is a courageous man who acknowledges that he outfits himself at Moss Brothers.

Byng clung stubbornly to an old hat that was so frayed its brim had to be ripped, and to a pair of white rubber boots presented to him by a Yukon miner. He wore them on the walks he took around Parliament Hill, where he was seen by dozens of people. When he tramped into Ottawa from Government House he used a shortcut through a succession of back yards.

He was accompanied by one of the staff when he walked but preferred to ride alone. One morning he summoned me to his room. He was in bed looking miserable and his quiet smile was very faint.

"Are you ill, sir?" I asked with concern.

"A touch of lumbago," he replied. "At least, that's what we'll call it for the benefit of the household." I pressed him. "What was really wrong?" At that, he did muster the old delightful smile.

"Yesterday," explained the doughty warrior who had been Britain's top cavalryman before he took over command of the Canadian forces in World War I, "I fell off my horse, and this morning I ache in every inch of me. I'm positive there are no bones broken, but bed seems indicated. Officially you understand, I am suffering from a touch of lumbago." The truth never leaked out.

Byng tried to keep his afternoons free for golf, walking or riding, preferably golf. Once a small group of Ottawans had been invited to lunch without his knowledge. He was angry, having planned to golf that afternoon. We sat down at one o'clock and by one-forty the guests had been rushed through the meal and out of Government House. I remonstrated with him on the way to the Royal Ottawa Golf Club. "Sir," I said, "we have started to operate a quick-lunch counter!"

At our next luncheon he dawdled so long that Her Excellency, the guests, the staff and footmen were thoroughly exasperated. When the ordeal was over his eyes met mine in a brief triumphant smile.

I suggested that it would be wise for us to give dances at Government House. Lord Byng was enthusiastic but confessed he didn't know how to dance. "Get me a teacher," he said. "I'll take lessons every afternoon just after tea." Thus he did to music supplied by a harsh and squeaky phonograph. While he could never compete with Nijinsky, he did learn the ordinary ballroom steps in a short time.

Lady Byng's devotion to her husband was almost slavish. To please him she would not only sacrifice her own wishes but, which was far more difficult, subdue her temper. She was a daughter of Sir Richard Moreton, who had been comptroller of Government House in the days of Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. On her mother's side she was related to the wealthy and distinguished Rath family of Greece, merchants whose ships traded all over the world. By temperament she was more Greek than English. Her likes and dislikes were pronounced and she was forthright in expressing them. When irked she found relief in swearing. Once in Nova Scotia she was a passenger in a car driven by a niece of Sir Robert Borden when it slid over the side of a culvert. I was with her and waited for a violent outbreak.

But, rising to the occasion, she merely righted herself in the seat, straightened her hat, and said: "You'll have to be a little more careful, Miss Borden, or you are likely to damage the motor."

Lady Byng was high strung and I have an idea her position at Ottawa bored her, but she found such outlets for her energy as writing a book on Egypt—a terrible book, painting oils long since cut off trees, and wood carving. She excelled as a gardener and transplanted to the grounds of Government House wild flowers collected all over Canada.

Unlike the volatile Lady Byng who once became hysterical during a thunderstorm while riding in an open automobile on a viceregal visit to Regina, Lord Byng was calm and had a tight rein on his emotions. Yet I twice saw him deeply moved. Once was in April 1926 when Canadian war veterans presented a gleaming new Buick to him at a dinner in Government House. A surprise it was driven right into the entrance hall. He couldn't make a thank you speech. He couldn't make any kind of a speech. He was weeping.

The other time was during the so-called constitutional crisis the same year. Historians have dealt with this incident at great length and I will recapitulate only the bare facts.

In the 1925 election the Liberals led by Prime Minister Mackenzie King re-elected only one hundred and one supporters. The Conservative Opposition led by Arthur Meighen returned one hundred and sixteen. King felt he could count on enough Progressives and independents to continue to head a government and asked Byng for this opportunity. From the conversation between them Byng took it that King agreed that if he lost the confidence of parliament he would make way for Meighen without dissolution or another election. By late June 1926 a vote in the Commons had gone against King and he requested Byng to dissolve parliament as then there would be a general election. Byng regarded the request as a violation of the terms agreed on and refused. King resigned and Byng felt justified in calling on Meighen to form a government.

When the Meighen Government fell a few days later after an impassioned speech by King about how the governor-general had violated the constitution by withholding dissolution, I was with Byng. He looked silently out of his window for a long while then said: "Well, someone had to be the goat. I guess it had to be me. Willie" (this was a nickname he had for me) "take me out for a drive in the new car."

Continued on page 44



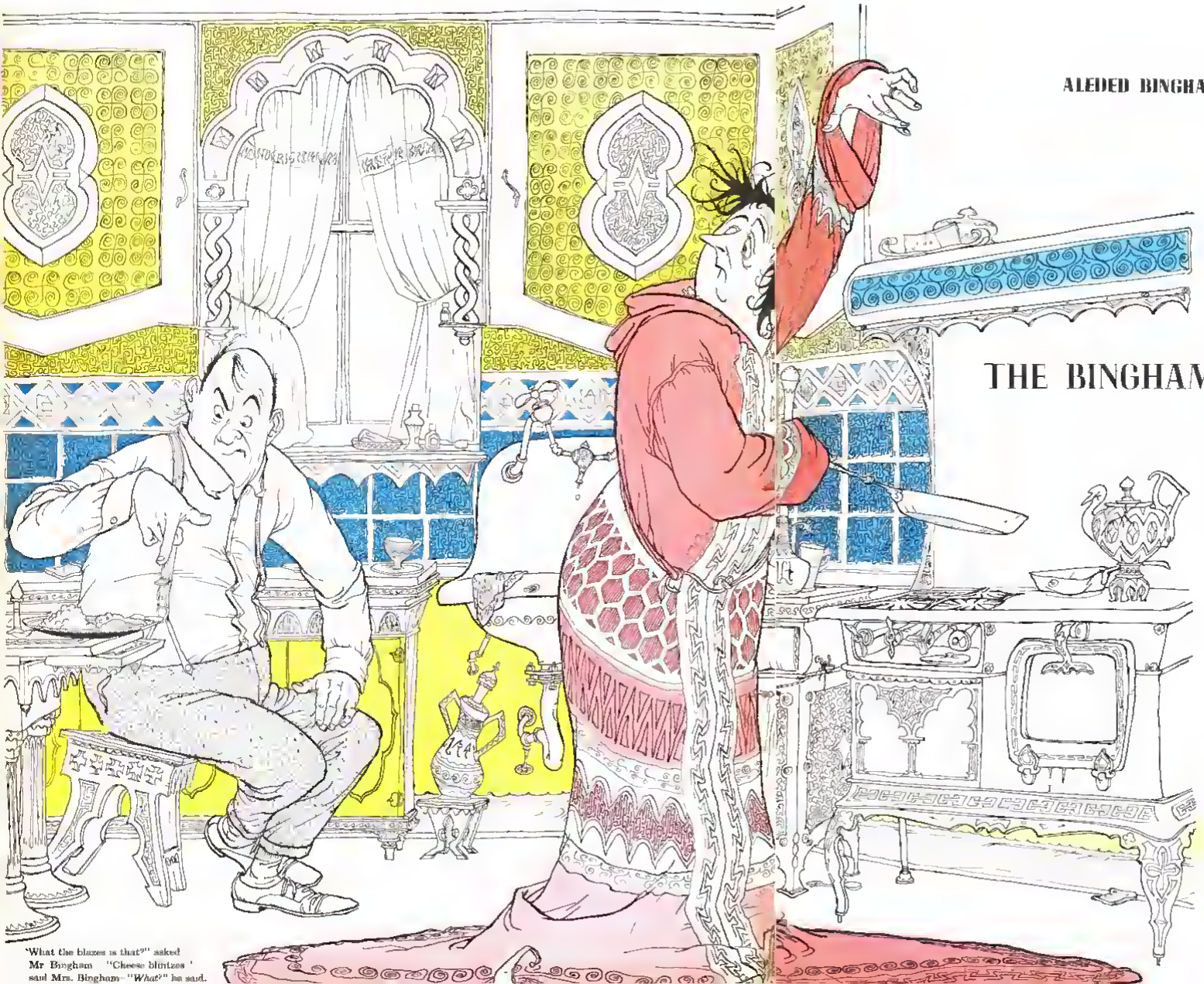
THE BYNGS

The hero of Vimy took dancing lessons every afternoon and his wife filled Rideau Hall's formal gardens with wild plants.



THE WILLINGDONS

Fresh from Poona, they expected a rajah's reception, but there wasn't even a hound



"What the blazes is that?" asked Mr Bingham. "Cheese blintzes," said Mrs. Bingham. "*What?*" he said.

ALFRED BINGHAM COULDN'T ABIDE

ERRATIC CLOCKS

SUNKEN BATHTUBS

CHEESE BLINTZES

FLOWING ROBES

ANYTHING MODERN

AND THAT'S WHY—

THE BINGHAMS CAME TO BLOWS

BY F. HUGH HERBERT

ILLUSTRATED BY JEN NORRIS

ON THE morning of July 14, 1951, Mr Alfred Bingham, a prosperous, sober and respected citizen of middle age, hauled off and socked Mrs. Bingham (his wife) with a blunt instrument. The instrument which Mr Bingham selected was a heavy aluminum nonstaining *frying pan*. It loosened one of Mrs. Bingham's teeth and caused severe contusions on her jaw. Mrs. Bingham promptly yelled blue murder. She did not know what else to do. Nor, for that matter, did Mr Bingham. It was an unprecedented crisis for both of them. In fifteen years of marriage Mr. Bingham had never previously struck Mrs. Bingham with a frying pan, or with anything else.

Unnerved by Mrs. Bingham's screams which, he figured, would arouse the neighbors, Mr Bingham left the house, jumped into his car and drove off at a high rate of speed. He did not wish, at that moment, to meet any neighbors. A reticent and undemonstrative man by nature, he was not prepared at this juncture to explain in any detail just why it had seemed appropriate, of that particular instant, to hit his wife with a frying pan.

After about an hour of driving around Mr. Bingham, by now relaxed and rational, stopped at a drugstore. Here he intended to accomplish three things: first, he planned to telephone his home and apologize to Mrs. Bingham; second, he contemplated purchasing a nice big box of candy (for her wounded feelings); third, he figured it might be thoughtful if he bought an ice bag (for her wounded jaw).

He only accomplished the first of these kindly and intelligent projects. Mr Bingham *did* telephone his house, but the moment Mrs. Bingham recognized his voice she started screaming blue murder again and dropped the instrument. After a brief pause a man picked up the telephone and said crisply that he was Mr Reginald B. Aldrich. This caused Mr Bingham to hang up very quickly, since Mr Reginald B. Aldrich was Mrs. Bingham's attorney.

Mr Bingham promptly left the drugstore and abandoned any thought of buying either candy or ice bag. It was beginning to dawn on Mr Bingham that he might very well be in a mess.

This impression was confirmed several hours later when Mr Bingham was arrested in his office by a couple of policemen, who informed Mr Bingham that he was charged (by Mrs. Bingham) with assault with a deadly weapon. Mr Bingham argued to the officers that nobody in his right mind could possibly consider a frying pan a deadly weapon, but his logic did not prevail. He was taken to the police station and

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WHO WILL SUCCEED SIR WINSTON?



The man who follows Churchill into No. 10 Downing Street will be faced with the difficult job of living up to his example. At right, the first picture of Churchill as a Knight of the Garter



R. A. Butler's budgets are called examples of new Tory democracy



R. A. Eden can't resist lure of the pointed busy of foreign affairs.

Although dapper Anthony Eden, divorced and sick, is still the Tories' acknowledged crown prince, a dark horse called Rab Butler, who loves books and lonely walks, is being hailed as Britain's next prime minister



By BEVERLEY BAXTER

LONDON

AS EVERY schoolboy is aware Shakespeare put into the mouth of Malvolio those significant words. Some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them." Familiar and accepted as those words undoubtedly are there is no arbitrary division into categories of men who reach such heights that the world calls them great.

This is a study of two men and first I want to discuss Richard Austen Butler, the fifty-year-old Chancellor of the Exchequer in Churchill's Government. It cannot be said of him that either by birth achievement or accident he has attained greatness because as yet that word does not apply to him. But today he stands poised before the bar of history as the politician who may become Britain's Man of Destiny.

Of all blasphemies there is nothing so foolish as the term "a self made man." Every baby is the battleground of its ancestors. Heredity environment tradition poverty frustration education all these are the raw material of character. When a man can bring himself into the world then and only then, can he claim to be self made.

Rab Butler (the nickname comes from his initials) was born neither rich nor poor. His father Sir Montagu Butler was a distinguished servant of the British administration of India but at an early age Rab went to Marlborough an English public school.

There he was kicked bullied made to play cricket and endured all the benefits of the monastic education which is so highly esteemed in Britain. It must have been a torture for him because he loved books and languages and going for walks by himself. It is a safe deduction that he was considered nothing much by the cricketers and the Rugger crowd. He was twelve when the 1914 War broke out, too young to play any part but old enough to feel the pride and tragedy of watching senior boys at Marlborough join the army and go to their deaths in the shambles of Flanders Fields.

After the war he went to Cambridge in that strange twilight period when young veterans of the war, aged beyond their years, had come back to the Varsity to complete their interrupted education. The years that separated the normal undergraduates and the service ones were not many but they seemed as vast as a lifetime. The sensitive Rab Butler felt the divergence and sought his companionship in books.

Now at the same time oddly enough, at Oxford University the twenty-two year-old Captain Anthony Eden, MC was gazing with his veteran eyes at the strange crop of undergraduates whose youth had saved them from battle. He too felt lonely as with his finely tailored clothes and the assurance of a man who has commanded troops in the field he gazed upon the new crop of undergraduates with their tousled hair their plus fours and their odd sweaters.

Since man is not allowed to see the distant scene it is understandable that no one prophesied at the time that in the years ahead Butler and Eden would fight it out for the premiership of Great Britain. In fact no one predicted that either of them would trouble the historian very much. Eden was a young aristocrat with a flair for clothes and Persian poetry and Butler was just a studious fellow with nothing much in the way of personality.

Eden was the first to enter parliament which he did in 1923. His good looks, his family background and his splendid war record marked him as admirable parliamentary material. Yet when he made his first speech he was nervous awkward and unimpressive. Quite obviously he was no Younger Pitt. Probably the only man who saw any serious future in him was Austen Chamberlain who with amazing insight, said: "There is a future foreign secretary."

No one predicted anything particular for Butler. He was pale shy and had rather an odd giggle. Yet though he had not achieved the honor of winning a blue at sports or serving in the war his fellow MPs might have realized that there must have been something in a young fellow who took a double first in modern languages and was president of the university parliament known as the Cambridge Union. But he was still shy and unassertive and the House of Commons is a hothouse that has little time for blushing violets.

But before we proceed any further with this story of two young men of politics we must bring in the feminine touch. Any marriage is important but a politician's marriage can assist a career and can break it.

Eden married in the same year that he was elected to parliament. In fact he and his wife spent their honeymoon

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Robert Thomas Allen Tells

HOW TO SELL A HOUSE

ONE NIGHT at supper I looked around at my family and said to my wife, "I have a surprise for you. How would you like to go to Bermuda?"

"I'd love to," my wife said.

"I'll start packing my dolls," said Mary, my youngest.

"How do we get the money?" my wife said. "You haven't even been able to pay Mary her last week's allowance."

I smoothed out a paper napkin and licked the nib of a pencil. "At today's inflated real-estate values," I said, "we could sell this house for—lemme see—" I started to figure, squirming greedily, occasionally gloating up at my wife and bursting out laughing as the profits mounted.

I didn't get to Bermuda. I spent two months sitting around our living room trying to hear the faint stir of a classified ad at work, a sound so inaudible that I developed a slight squint. In the meantime, I learned a few lessons about selling a house.

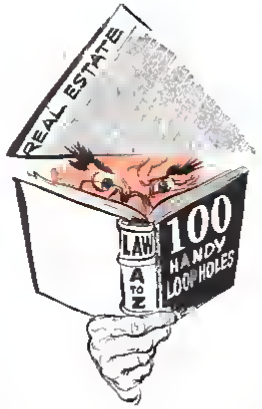
I'd always thought of today's real-estate situation in terms of a deserving but homeless buyer, wearily trekking to remote parts of the city to be quoted outlandish prices and criminal down payments. I discovered that for every buyer there's a seller just as broke and just as worried, who, unless he's trading a house for a wigwam, has to get outlandish prices to come out even. He deals in thousands of dollars he hasn't got, and ends up selling his own and still short his wife's housekeeping allowance.

I'm still not quite sure what the profit was on my house. It was all worked out by two lawyers, three mortgagees and a real-estate man on a complicated report called Disbursements and Statement of Adjustments. Evidently I made a profit of three thousand dollars. Sometimes on rainy nights I still get out my Statement of Adjustments and try to figure out what I got it.

The first thing to get into your head if you're going to sell your house is that the best prices for houses are being paid when you're trying to buy one. When you try to sell yours, nobody wants one, especially one with the down payment you have to get. This economic law apparently doesn't apply to your friends, who all sell houses just like yours for twice as much as they cost. Furthermore they have so many customers the first night the ad runs they practically have to call the cops to shoo leftover buyers off the lawn. I can't explain this. All I know is that you'll get three customers.

One will be a middle aged woman named Mrs. May who glances around your house vaguely, then sits in your favorite chair till suppertime telling you a long story about her husband who had a hernia two years ago and hasn't been any good since. At five minutes to six she'll look at her watch and say she must scoot.

Another will be a man named Topping who has thin black hair combed sideways and a brisk way of going through your house like a streetcar motorman at the end of a run. Every time you apologize for anything, he laughs in a friendly way and says it



doesn't matter as he's going to knock the walls down anyway, move the fireplace over to the other end and put a breakfast nook where your bookcase is. You'll never see him again unless someday you happen to be selling another house.

Around about the fifth week you'll have a visit from a tall, heavy-set grinning man with bleak eyebrows about an inch thick and a light delivery truck who walks around the outside of the house kicking the wall and whispering to a brother-in-law in a bowler hat. The last time I saw him he got me out of a hot bath, where I'd been lying trying to figure out how to get my house out of the exclusive hands of a real-estate man who evidently had moved to Europe. I came out clutching a bathrobe soggily around me and followed him around peering at him through the steam on my glasses like a Thames pilot in a bad fog. Little streams of water spread out in all directions from me as if I were slowly cracking through ice. I stood around anxiously kicking everything he kicked. We all ended up in my bedroom gently kicking the baseboard. He walked out with thoughtfully lowered head, got into his truck and drove away.

Another thing, don't make the mistake of any point during the selling of your house of sitting back and saying, "Well, I've got the law on my side." Nobody ever has the law on his side but the lawyers. Every time I say I have the law on my side I find myself fighting desperately to keep out of jail. One time, during the mental mix-up after the war, I checked with a man at the Rentals Administration of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board about whether I had to get out of my house by a certain date and he kept saying, "You're safe as a church." I ended up being threatened with charges of holding, resisting stalling, contempt of court and everything but insanity, and finally moved everything I owned including a firmly bolted work bench weighing about half a ton in twenty-four hours. I haven't been in church since. Another time a stranger walked into my house, kicked my furnace, gave me a lump cheque and walked out again. I phoned his lawyer he said, "Look, Allen, my client hasn't been entirely unreasonable. After all you misrepresented your mortgage, your down payment, interest, lot number, frontage and your wife's middle name." My own lawyer told me that if I said low he might be able to get me off.

Take for example, an offer to purchase. Signing an offer to purchase is the turning point of selling your house. It's a long legal form that is to a real estate man what an order blank is to a brush salesman. Everybody signs it, including you. The buyer makes out a cheque for a deposit of, say, five hundred dollars. This shows his good faith, and is held along with his good faith, pending the closing date, when you adjust all charges, like the gas bill. You turn over the key. You all smile and shake hands. You go ahead with your other arrangements—buying a new house, or a ticket to Tahiti. You tell all your friends that you've sold your house. You've made a deal, unless the buyer decides he was only kidding.

This will probably horrify real-estate men, who will say, "That's what an offer to purchase is for. To make sure nobody does back out of the deal." I know that. That's what I thought one time I got an offer to purchase from a fat chuckling man in an expensive-looking pinstripe suit. My wife and I sat down and said, "Whew! Well it's all over at last!" We went out that night and had lobster Newburg, with half servings for the kids, which after all still leaves plenty out of seventeen thousand dollars. A week later I was trying to get the lawman to stop hanging up on me when I phoned him. I was also trying to borrow the price of the lobster.

I couldn't just run out and cash his cheque, of course, because he'd stopped payment on it, and besides, I didn't have it. I think the real-estate man had it. Anyway I was concentrating on making the customer buy the whole house, not just five hundred dollars' worth of it. I said to my wife, "Well, this is it!" He asked for it. It's his problem. I'll take it easy, I've has children."

I remember the first lawyer I phoned I said, "When do we start dragging this man through every court in the land?"

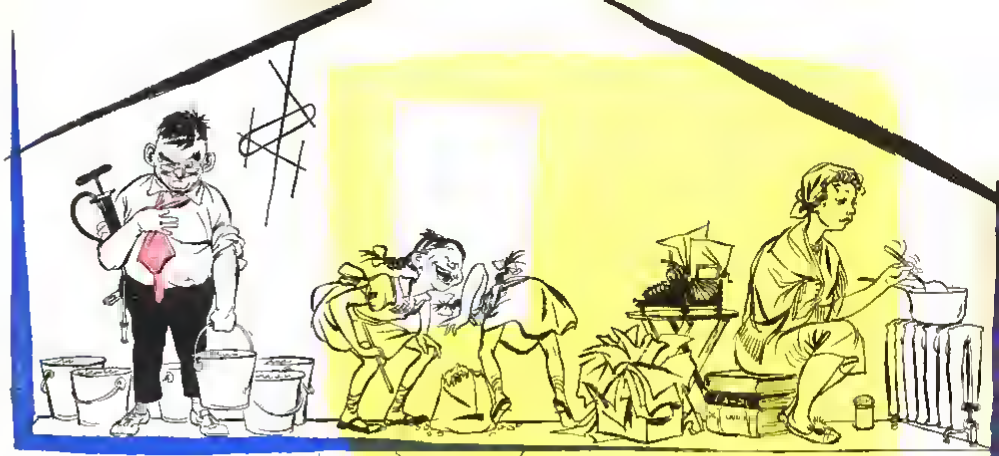
"You sure you got the right number?" the lawyer said. "This is a lawyer's office."

"I know it's a lawyer's office. That's what I want. Look, this guy buys my house, signs an offer to purchase, then just decides to change his mind about the whole thing. When do we slap him with every thing in the book?"

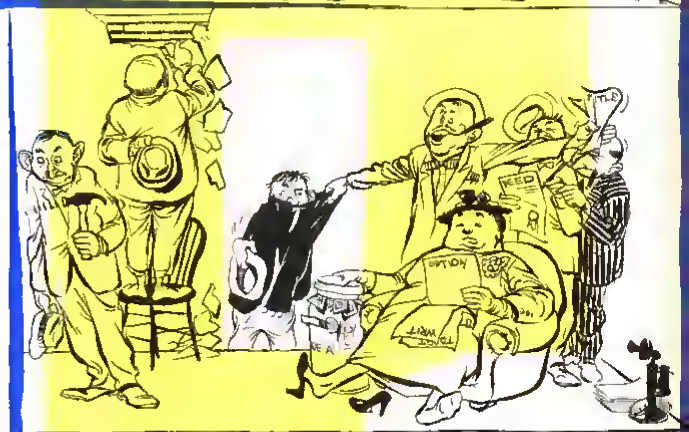
The lawyer sounded like Lionel Barrymore in A Christmas Carol.

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ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON



The Savant of Suburbia decides to hit the peak of the market with his bungalow— but what with fast-talking real-estate men, lafty lawyers, and custamers who kick hales in the walls, he's still wandering where his prafit went







THE REBEL PAINTER OF THE PINE WOODS

Tom Thomson met a mysterious death in a lonely lake, leaving behind about twenty "meaningless daubs" of gaunt trees. Now some of the pictures he once tried to give away can't be bought at any price

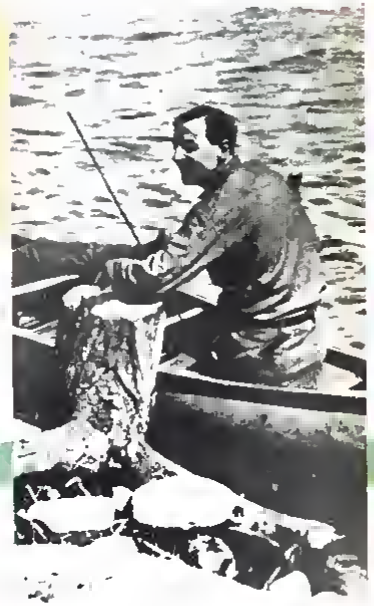




Tom Thomson was sketched by Arthur Lismer when they worked for a Toronto engraver

At thirty one Thomson, who never married, was trying halfheartedly to hold a city job

By 1914, he was painting full time in the place he loved best, wild Algonquin Park



A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

BY TRENT FRAYNE

IN THE five summers that Algonquin Park ranger Mark Robinson had been watching his friend Tom Thomson paint he had never seen a picture that moved him as much as a large unfinished landscape called The West Wind. Thomson had put it on canvas during the winter in the shack that was his Toronto home and studio, but it didn't satisfy him and he worked at it when he wasn't out in his grey canoe looking for other subjects. For Robinson, though, the picture already contained all the haunting vastness of Canada's gaunt north. One afternoon the lean black-haired artist watched the ranger admire it again.

"If you like it that much," Thomson said at length, "you can have it."

Robinson's eyes never left the splashes of color. "No," he said softly, "no, you can't give that one away, Tom. One of these days they'll see what you're doing and it'll be worth a lot of money."

Robinson was right—though Tom Thomson never lived to know it. A few days later, on July 8, 1917, Thomson went on a canoe trip from which he never returned. His body was found in Canoe Lake on July 16. There was a four-inch gash across the right temple and his legs were tangled in a fishing line. The official finding was death by drowning, an announcement that bewildered Tom Thomson's friends who knew him as a matchless paddler and an excellent swimmer. To this day mystery surrounds the manner in which he lost his life.

As Robinson prophesied, the value of the paintings Thomson often gave away is now great, although the artist never got more than two hundred dollars for a canvas or twenty-five dollars for a sketch. Almost all his twenty-odd canvases now hang in public galleries. Paul Duval, Toronto art critic, estimates the most famous of these paintings, The West Wind, the equally well known Northern River and The Jack Pine, are worth at least twelve thousand dollars each. The two or three hundred small sketches Thomson painted, mostly on birchbark, during his five summers in the north are worth about five hundred each.

Thomson was a rebel who attracted little national interest while he lived. But he and a small band of contemporaries who formed the Group of Seven three years after Thomson's death, revolutionized Canadian painting by reproducing the sterner aspects of Canadian geography, forsaking pastoral landscapes. The Group went to the forests and the rocky shield that covers half of Canada and found there wild beauty in the ragged areas of bush, rock and lakes.

Thomson, now called the most indigenous of Canadian painters, was literally the poor struggling artist of tradition. He was not too well educated, yet gifted with an inner intelligence that finally gained expression in the last five years of his life. He was barely forty years old when he died.

Money he regarded only as something that enabled him to paint. He put his first canvas, a relatively drab picture called Northern Lake, in the Ontario Society of Artists' annual showing in 1913. When he learned it had won a prize and that the Ontario government had bought it for two hundred dollars Thomson blushed and stammered: "What damn fool picked that?"

He cashed the two-hundred-dollar cheque in one-dollar bills and hung them around the wainscoting of his room to see what that much money looked like. The history of Thomson's last painting, The West Wind, illustrates how belatedly recognition was accorded his work. After his death his friend and fellow artist, A. Y. Jackson of Toronto, stored the painting in his own studio for several years, sending it out occasionally on exhibitions.

We put a price of six hundred and fifty dollars on it and tried to get the Art Gallery of Toronto to buy it," Jackson relates, "but the gallery wasn't interested. It kicked around in a traveling show all over the United States with the price raised to eight hundred, and it came back. It was sent with the Canadian exhibition to Wembley and the British Press acclaimed it a great painting. On its return in the early Thirties the National Gallery at Ottawa intended to acquire it—but a member of the Toronto Gallery, concerned over the fact that the city did not possess a single example of this artist's work, persuaded the Canadian Club to buy it for the gallery. Today it is the best-known painting in Canada."

Arthur Lismer, like Jackson one of the Group of Seven, recalls fishing in Algonquin Park once with Thomson when Thomson reached into a back pocket for a handkerchief. A dollar bill came with it and landed in the water. Rather than interrupt his trolling, Thomson let the bill float downstream.

His needs were simple: food for himself, tubes of paint for his sketch box, a canoe and fishing tackle for relaxation.

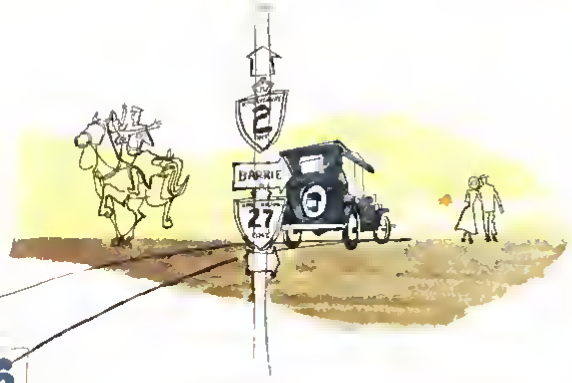
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Most of Thomson's canvases hang in public galleries. This one, The Pointers, was purchased in 1929 for Hart House, University of Toronto



Thomson (left rear), A. Y. Jackson, Arthur Lismer and F. H. Varley (seated, front) on picnic with Mrs. Lismer and daughter at Canoe Lake in 1914. It was in this lake three years later that Thomson died.



666

The keys to the car

were also the keys
to the hopes and dreams
of a pair of struggling lovers
who found that you must keep driving
toward the horizon

By FRED SLOMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSON

THE NUMBER was 666. Usually she argued with him and he argued with her but that was one thing they had agreed upon. When they came to 666 they would stop the nonsense and be sensible people — so very, very sensible that they would have a great celebration and mark it, perhaps, by giving away their limousine to the first person they met, be he prince or pauper, and then walking hand in hand toward a beautiful sunset.

They had walked hand in hand once and sometimes when you touch a hand to another there is a tingle.

666 is a number in a story at the back of the Bible. Nobody seems to know what it means.

It is a childish game, this looking for numbers, and they had started it in the Model T when Linda was sucking a bottle between pillows on the back seat and Jeannette was on her mother's lap beside the driver.

It is the sort of game inferior people play when they want to get their minds off whooping-cough and a Sunday coat that begins to fray at the cuffs.

The rules are very simple. You just watch for a car that has a 1 in its number plate and then for a car with a 2 and then a 3. You run up to 9 in the first mile or so, but when you come to the two-figure numbers, like 13, it might be miles and miles or a dozen Sunday trips before you see a 14.

When they changed to the Model A, they were still only at 103 and looking for 104.

There must be no cheating, like counting a 79 before you had seen a 78, like Mary tried to do once when they saw two 79s on the main street of Milton and they had been looking several trips for a 78.

There was also a side-hazard in the game. If at any time and in any place they met a car whose number read exactly the same as the number on the clock thing that told their mileage, they were going to get a divorce and he was going to marry a beautiful blonde and she was going to marry a dashing young cavalry captain on a horse.

When they came to a double number such as 33 or 44 or 77 the rules required that they stop right there, whether it was on a busy street or in the rain on a muddy concession road and argue about who was to break the celebration chocolate bar and have the biggest chunk. They liked each other.

THEY ARGUED all the time. If they were going toward Orangeville and she suggested Highway No. 10, he would say 27 or if they were going toward Lindsay and he suggested No. 47 she would say there were fewer detours on No. 12. Whoever won out, the other would sulk in silence for the next ten or fifteen miles and say not a word except to remark that the silence was more beautiful than all other beautiful things.

They seldom got as far as Orangeville or Lindsay. They just went toward them.

The neighbors did say that they bought that Model T just to keep up with the Joneses. It wasn't so.

That Model T cost them one hundred and forty dollars and took fifteen months to pay. It was to be fourteen months but between the tenth and the eleventh payments Linda had to have her

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John said publicly to the young couple: "Excuse me. I wish to give you this car.





When Martin has a case on his mind nothing else matters — not even lunch. He often keeps a lonely vigil in an empty court awaiting the jury's return

HIS CLIENTS NEVER HANG

Even after a man is sentenced to death his case is not hopeless as long as Arthur Martin, a cherubic QC who never tears his hair, is available to defend him. To date he has argued courteously and successfully for the lives of twenty-five clients

By MAX ROSENFELD

PHOTOS BY PETER CROYDON

ARTHUR MARTIN'S clients were being hustled off to the penitentiary with such alarming regularity and for such long terms that, as he ended his first year of law practice, he was almost ready to accept the comforting advice of older lawyers that criminal law was not quite respectable anyway...and that a gold medal graduate should find a more safe niche untangling the affairs of corporations.

Today, fifteen years later, hundreds of Canadians charged with crimes ranging from murder to motor theft have the best of reasons for being grateful to Martin for disregarding that advice. His courtroom record now stands at ninety percent cases won.

Most remarkable of all, he has defended twenty-five persons charged with murder and has yet to have a client hanged. But even these statistics don't tell the full story. More than half of Martin's cases come to him from other lawyers who consider them too difficult to handle. Frequently he enters a case only after the person charged has been convicted. A fellow criminal lawyer, Arthur Maloney, recently commented: "In many of Martin's cases none of us would have given two pins for his chances or any other lawyer's."

Last year Martin handled seven murder appeals. He got two sentences quashed and five new trials. The heaviest final sentence was eight years' imprisonment. Appealing convictions on lesser charges, he last year won twenty-eight out of his thirty-four cases: either getting a new trial or the conviction quashed.

G. Arthur Martin, QC, of Toronto looks less like a great criminal lawyer than a conservative businessman. He is burly, medium in height, his face is big and heavy-jowled and his hair is thinning. He is thirty-nine but looks older. For a man who addresses more juries than any other criminal lawyer in Canada, this unspectacular appearance serves his courtroom tactics so well that he might have planned it that way.

In the notorious Dick case at Hamilton, Ont., in 1946, at least two other lawyers became nationally known through their defense of Evelyn Dick and her father, Donald Maclean, even though their clients were sentenced to life and five years respectively. Martin is scarcely remembered in connection with the case, although his client, William Bobozuk, also charged with murdering Mrs. Dick's husband and her baby, was acquitted.

Martin's self-effacement was deliberate. He eluded reporters and when they caught up with him he was politely close-mouthed. Some celebrities work on the theory that it is good publicity to seem to shun publicity. Martin's avoidance of the spotlight springs only in part from his own reticent nature. It is also a calculated part of his technique.

When Martin enters a courtroom he wants no one on the jury to recognize him as a famous counsel specially brought in for the case: he wants the jury to sit back relaxed and listen to what this unknown lawyer has to say.

He never seems to put up a vigorous fight for his client. He has no papers or law books on the table before him, and while everyone else connected with the trial is busy making notes and conferring with witnesses, he sits there calmly with his hands folded in front of him. In the Dick case he had to interrupt and object many times but not once did he employ that dramatic legal cliché: "I object!" Instead he rose with dignity and looked at the judge questioningly, then he turned to the prosecutor and slowly said, "Please ..." in a way which to all ears meant, "now you should know better than that..."

Later he explained that repeatedly shouting "I object!" might make a jury wonder what a lawyer is trying to conceal.

He looks more sober than the judge as he listens to the case unfold and nothing seems to ruffle him. Things looked black for Bobozuk when Evelyn Dick claimed that not only was he the father of her child but that he had killed the child and later brought the body to her home encased in cement. During the murmur and rustle in court which followed that statement, Martin looked calmer than ever, as though wondering: What's all the commotion about? His confidence was reflected in Bobozuk's acquittal.

Martin explains that he doesn't want to be admired as a brilliant last-ditch defender: he prefers the jury to get the impression that the case is as simple as to be a routine task for any lawyer. He can back up this attitude with an experience, too. Once a Vancouver man facing a serious narcotics charge tried the "great mouthpiece" act by sending to Toronto for Martin to defend him. Not only did the client have to pay a substantial fee and all Martin's expenses, but he had to pay the fifteen-hundred-dollar charge of the Law Society of British Columbia to have Martin admitted to the bar of the province. Martin lost that case.

When Martin speaks under his own preferred state of semi-anonymity, crown witnesses often forget which side he represents. They tend to think of him as a helpful guide in the maze of trial proceedings.

The witnesses for whom Martin reserves the greatest courtesy and respect are the scientists who give expert testimony. Since many of his cases involve insanity the kind of scientists he most frequently meets in court are psychiatrists.

Psychiatrists were prominent in the Gibbons case of March, 1947. John Gibbons, who admitted having shot two neighboring farmers near Ottawa, had pleaded insanity. He said his neighbors planned to ruin him and finally kill him; when he met them on the road one day he said he thought they were going to pounce on him so he killed them in self-defense. The crown's contention was the men were killed as a result of a quarrel over the right of way on that road. When Martin came into the case John Gibbons had already been found guilty of murder and sentenced to death. His two lawyers had appealed the verdict and won a new trial. But they felt they had done all they could and so called on Martin.

In the second trial the facts were the same. The witnesses were the same and the jury was again made up of district farmers. The psychiatrists were the same and still held to the same opinions. One eminent psychiatrist testified: "I do not believe truthfully I could go further than to say he was in an emotionally disturbed state of mind. It is my opinion that Gibbons realized it was legally wrong to shoot the men."

At this point Martin rose to cross-examine. Knowing that scientists usually feel out of their element on the stand, he approached the witness with deference:

"I'm sorry to detain you, doctor. I shall try to be brief. Tell us, please, did you find evidence that Gibbons consistently misinterpreted his neighbors' intentions?" "Yes."

A man who does this consistently is mentally ill?"

"No, he is in poor mental health. There is a difference."

"The existence of a fear that has no foundation in fact is a false belief?" "Yes."

"And retaining that fear after being assured of its nonexistence is a delusion, is it not?" "Yes."

"And that is one of the symptoms of insanity?" "Yes."

Gibbons' statement that he was in a trap was a false belief and a delusion?" "Yes."

"Isn't the existence of delusions one of the hallmarks of insanity?" "Yes."

Without unpleasantness, without any show of conflict or tension, Martin had made the star witness for the prosecution star witness for the defense. The jury took just twenty minutes to find the accused "not guilty by reason of insanity." On hearing the verdict John Gibbons, just declared insane, jumped to his feet in the prisoner's box and said to the jury: "I thank you for a very intelligent decision."

Martin's lack of histrionics does not mean that he is not an actor. It simply means that he believes in the modern technique of underplaying a role. Modern juries, he says, have been exposed to crime trials in movies and magazines and therefore require a different approach. The best proof of his abilities is that even his unspectacular cases usually attract a "full house" of lawyers and law students. The latter consider catching a Martin case an important part of their legal education under Martin, who is also a professor of criminal law at Osgoode Hall, the professional law school in Toronto, where he started to lecture only three years after his own graduation.



Two secrets of Martin's 900 batting average: On the desk, pipe-cleaners — and more preparation. Behind the desk, his secretary sister Arlene, who works a twenty-four hour day.

Martin starts a quiet campaign to win the jury's favor the minute the trial opens. While the prosecutor is outlining his case, Martin loses the jury and slowly sinks himself on the back legs of his chair, wearing an expression which says, "This is all very well but just wait until you hear *our* side of the story." Throughout the trial he misses no opportunity to be eloquent without uttering a word.

Great criminal lawyers are usually portrayed appealing to the jury's emotions but Martin claims emotion rarely wins a case. "It only clutters up a good case," he says, "and in a poor one it is well to remember that tears dry quickly. Facts are all that really count in the end, especially with jurors in English-speaking Canada. If jurors haven't at least a few facts to cogitate when they are by themselves, they may feel deep sympathy and it may hurt to do it but they will convict. Only as a last resort is an emotional appeal.

Continued on page 34

THE CORPSE THAT HOAXED THE AXIS

Hitler and all his generals and admirals were fooled by one dead Englishman, planted on them by the British secret service in the most amazing spy coup of the war

By THE HON. EWEN E. S. MONTAGU **CONCLUSION**

In the first part of The Corpse That Hoaxed The Axis the author, who was with British Intelligence during World War II, told how he and a colleague conceived a daring plan to outwit the Germans and convince them that the attack on the European mainland from Africa in 1943 would occur in Sardinia, and not in Sicily as planned. They secured a corpse and gave it an identity — complete with name and officer's rank in the Royal Marines, girl friend's letters and pictures, a letter to General Alexander, memorandums from Lord Mountbatten — everything that would be likely to convince Axis spies that the dead man was on onthentic British courier carrying secret documents. The corpse was given the name of "Major Martin"; the scheme was known as Operation Mincemeat. The plan was to drop the corpse off Spain with a dispatch case full of documents and hoodwink German agents into thinking that the dead man had crashed in an aircraft and been washed ashore. The documents subtly suggested the fake attack on Sardinia.

WE NOW had to choose the spot on the Spanish coast where we wished to float the body ashore and we decided on Huelva, a small port in the southwest near the Portuguese frontier.

We knew that at Huelva there was an active German agent who was well in with the Spaniards. Also we did not want a spot too near Gibraltar in case the Spaniards should return the body to us for burial. The appearance there of the body of an officer with a false identity might give rise to talk which would be almost bound to be picked up by the Germans.

I consulted with the Hydrographer of the Navy about the weather and tidal conditions to be expected off Huelva at the end of April. Again we were lucky. Although the tidal stream was not too helpful the prevailing southwesterly wind would have been ashore and a body in a Mae West would be more affected by the wind than by the tide.

So Huelva became the appointed place. It would, of course, be in accordance with the normal practice of the neutral Spaniards to hand over the body to the British vice consul for burial and at the same time give to him anything found with the body.

But we felt reasonably confident that the efficiency of the local German agent would ensure that copies of the papers would reach the Germans. Our confidence in him was not misplaced.

We now had to arrange for the body to reach Huelva and, by good fortune, the submarine Seraph commanded by Lieutenant Jewell was due to sail for Malta at about the right date.

We considered that Jewell could get close enough inshore to ensure that the body would be picked up by the Spaniards even if it did not float ashore.

The body we decided could be carried inside the pressure-hull of the submarine which meant that we would need an airtight container though not a pressure proof one.

The question now arose: could the body be kept until the date of departure without decomposition being too great?

I again consulted Sir Bernard Spilsbury, Britain's foremost pathologist. He took the view that if we could exclude as much oxygen as possible from an airtight container, and if the body was really cold when it was put into the container, decomposition would be so slow that if it were picked up soon after being put in the sea the effect would be only the same as that of a few days' immersion floating in from an aircraft which had crashed some distance off shore.

We agreed that the best way to get rid of the oxygen would be by getting a container standing it on end, filling it with dry ice so that the air would be excluded by the carbon monoxide then putting the body carefully in from the top and screwing the lid down. We ordered a cylindrical case with an asbestos wool lining between two skins of 22 gauge steel.

The time for the departure was drawing near. Final approval was now sought from Prime Minister Churchill through General Sir Hastings Ismay. We had to warn him of two hazards.

●If the Germans saw through our deception Sicily would be quite definitely pin pointed as the Allied target.

●All our efforts ought be wasted if the wrong Spaniard found the body and did *not* pass the documents to the Germans.

Churchill however gave his consent making just this comment on our second warning: "I don't see that it matters: we can always try again." He directed that General Eisenhower as supreme commond of the invasion of Sicily, should be informed of what was happening.

Now we got to work on the actual operation.

Two of us with the late Jock Horsfall the racing motorist as co-driver set off in a Ford van from London to fetch the body of Major William Martin' from his cold storage.

Before we put him into his six-foot canister we had to dress him in the uniform of a major of the Royal Marines and here we found difficulty. We had not realized that it is impossible to put a boot on a foot unless you can bend the ankle and Major Martin was frozen stiff. It was a problem, but at last he was fully dressed.

The canister was filled with dry ice — to exclude all air and prevent decomposition — and after it had evaporated the major was put in, wrapped in a blanket more dry ice packed round him and the lid was screwed down.

It was a long journey to Greenock, the port of departure. It was lucky that I met Jewell (now Commander) was in command of the submarine as he had already made a success of other top secret missions. He had smuggled General Mark Clark in and out of North Africa in 1942 before the Allied landings and had also taken General Giraud by submarine out of occupied France, for which he was awarded the MBE.

At 6 p.m. on April 19 1943 HMS Seraph sailed from the Holy Loch.

Of the five officers and fifty ratings on board only Jewell knew the secret of his odd piece of cargo. The crew had been told that the metal canister contained a secret weather reporting device to be floated experimentally off the coast of Spain. It was actually marked: Handle With Care — optical instruments for special FOS shipment."

For ten days the Seraph sailed, surfacing only at night. She was off Huelva undetected and according to schedule on April 30.

The spot selected for floating the body ashore was sixteen hundred yards off the mouth of the Huelva river. Zero hour was 4.30 in the morning.

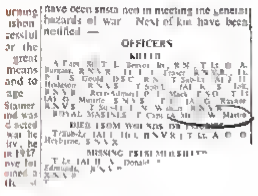
When the Seraph surfaced it was dark as pitch. Through the conning tower went the five officers and the submarine trimmed down until an inch of the calm sea lapped over the casing. The mysterious canister was hauled aloft. Only then, with all ratings below, did Jewell tell his officers into the secret.

Quickly and quietly *Continued on next page*



At 4.30 a.m., April 30, 1943, the corpse with the "secret letters" was launched from the submarine Seraph

No detail was overlooked in convincing the Germans that "Major Martin" was genuine



having been instrumental in meeting the general hazards of war. Next of kin have been notified —

OFFICERS
KILLED

MISSING, PRESUMED KILLED

The Times carried his name in casualty list along with real officer deaths



Tombstone was erected over the grave at Huelva. A wreath from Martin's fiancée 'Pam' was laid



The body was to wash ashore at Huelva, Spain



This cylinder was built especially for the body which was kept in dry ice until the zero hour

Maclean's Movies

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



Jimmy Hunt and Joel McCrea. He's afraid Pop is a hustler.

THE BLUE GARDENIA Anne Baxter, a vulnerable telephone girl on the rebound from a jilt, is afraid she killed a wolfish artist (Raymond Burr) while under the influence of his alcohol. Columnist Richard Conte leaps to her rescue. A fortune mystery drama.

THE DESERT RATS A sort of earthen lime sequel to Desert Fox. This is a Hollywood tribute to the defenders of Tobruk and has several self-satisfying moments. The story here, however, follows the cliche about the stern officer (excellently played by Richard Burton) who is misunderstood by his men. James Mason again appears as Germany's Rommel.

THE LONE HAND Some bracing long shot views of handsome Colorado scenery are the most worthy elements in a slow, rainy western yarn about a rancher (Joel McCrea) whose loyal small son (Jimmy Hunt) has good reason to think Pop is a hustler.

THE PASSIONATE SENTRY Not a top drawer British comedy, but one with plenty of girlish chuckles. It's about a Carkney grad in St. James's Palace (George Cole) whose dream girl is a high born beauty (Valerie Hobson). Living in one of the Queen's horses.

PICKUP ON SOUTH STREET A pickpocket (Richard Widmark) becomes violently involved with Communist plotters, a tough street wolf (Jean Peters) and a greedily dignified steel pigeon (Thelma Ritter) in a well-plotted underworld story. A couple of scenes seem unnecessarily brutal, but my interest never lagged.

SCARED STIFF Strictly for Martin & Lewis fans — another way of saying not for me, thanks — this latest of the zany partners' adventures takes them to a haunted island near Cuba.

THE STARS ARE SINGING Rob Williams, a very funny gent, makes an auspicious movie debut in this sentimental musical. A teen-aged Polish soprano (Anna Maria Alberghetti) enters New York illegally and is helped by a faded operatic tenor (Leonid Kinskey). Rosemary Clooney delivers several songs.

TROUBLE ALONG THE WAY A campus football comedy starring John Wayne as coach. His brash little daughter (Sherry Jackson) may get on your nerves a bit, but much of the dialogue is clever, and old Charles Coburn is delightful as a priest.

Gilmour Rates

Angel Face — Crime melodrama. Fair.
Anna Lucasta — Drama. Fair.
Beware, Spook! — Jungle drama. Poor.
Call Me Madam — Musical. Tops.
City Beneath the Sea — Actioner. Fair.
The Clown — Comedy drama. Fair.
Confidentially Connie — Comedy. Good.
Desert Legion — Adventure. Fair.
Destination Gobi — War yarn. Fair.
Farmer Takes a Wife — Betty Grable in costume musical. Fair.
The Girl Who Had Everything — Crime drama. Fair.
Here Comes the Nelsons — Family comedy. Fair.
Hans Christian Andersen — Danny Kaye in fairy tale musical. Good.
The Hitchhiker — Suspense. Excellent.
House of Wax — Horror in 3-D. Fair.
I Confess — Suspense drama. Good.
I Love Melvin — Musical. Fair.
Invasion, U.S.A. — Drama. Fair.
Jeopardy — Suspense drama. Good.
Lost in the Canyons — Western. Fair.
Long Memory — British drama. Fair.
Magnetic Monster — Suspense. Fair.
Maiden Rouge — Drama. Excellent.
The Man Across the Street — Drama. Good.
No Time for Flowers — Comedy. Fair.
Off Limits — Army comedy. Good.
Peter Pan — Disney cartoon. Excellent.
The President's Lady — U. S. historical drama. Good.
Salome — Sex and religion. Fair.
Split Second — Suspense. Good.
The Star — Movieland drama. Good.
Taxi — Manhattan comedy. Good.
Threat — Drama at sea. Fair.
Tonight We Sing — Musical. Good.
Top Secret — British spy farce. Good.
The War of the Worlds — Science fiction thriller. Tops.
Without Warning — Suspense. Fair.

The five set about their task. While three kept watch the other helped Jewell to unlock the bolts of the canister with the spanner attached to the case. Ten minutes they worked before the lid came away. Then the blanketed body was slid gently from its vacuum coffin.

On his knees again, Jewell plucked at knotted tapes and the bracket fell away. There followed the final check. Everything was in order. Jewell burst low in infinite the major's Mae West. Only one thing remained. Four young officers bent knee heads in simple tribute as their commander murmured what prayers he could remember from the burial service.

A gentle push and the unknown warrior was drifting inshore with the tide on his last, mysterious journey. Major Martin had gone in the war. With him went the hopes and prayers of millions. For on his safe arrival might well depend the fate of the Allied invasion of Europe.

We had mentioned that a flight of the kind we were embarking would very likely be by Catalina flying boat, also that it was probable that after a Catalina crash there would be little or no floating wreckage. We decided therefore that Lieut. Jewell should launch about half a mile from the body a rubber dinghy such as was used in Catalinas, with one aluminum oar only so as to simulate some degree of haste, and that no other wreckage would be needed. The canister that had held Major Martin's body was sunk in deep water.

Fifteen minutes after surfacing the Seraph was on board bound again for Gibraltar and Algiers. She sent a signal "Operation Mincemeat completed."

When we got Jewell's full report it revealed that, apart from the risk he took, the job could not have been a very pleasant one. There had been rather more decomposition of the body than Sir Bernard Spilsbury had forecast, perhaps because of oxygen trapped in the uniform and blanket. But I did not consider that it would be out of proportion to what would have occurred through immersion from April 28 (the latest probable date of the crash) to April 30 when the body would probably be recovered.

We soon learned that this confidence was justified.

It was at Algiers some weeks later that Jewell received a picture postcard from London which bore the cryptic but significant message: "You will be pleased to learn that the major is now very comfortable."

Early in the morning of April 30, 1943, a Spanish fisherman sighted a body close inshore off the port of Huelva (on the Atlantic coast one hundred and fifty miles northwest of Gibraltar). He hailed a launch which picked up the body and landed it on the beach at La Bota. The body was handed over to a military patrol who reported the discovery to the local commandant. A post mortem was carried out and the verdict was "asphyxiation through immersion in the sea."

The British vice-consul was duly informed of the finding of the body and on May 2 1943 Major Martin was buried with full military honors in the presence of high officers of the Spanish Services.

We had been given the body—*but we had not been told about the dispatch case!*

Meanwhile the German agent in Huelva did not let us down. He learned from one of his contacts of the existence of the envelopes in the dispatch case and of the distinction of the addressees and there can be little doubt from what happened later that he alerted his superiors.

According to routine the vice-consul reported to the British naval attaché in Madrid the finding of the body and he sent word to London. Then after a first routine signal we began to react. On May 4 we sent an "Immediate Most Secret" signal stating that we had learned that Major William Martin, contrary to regulations was carrying papers some of which were of great importance and secrecy. Formal demand was to be made for all documents but great care was to be taken not to betray undue anxiety. The addresses of any letters recovered were to be signaled immediately and the letters sent "untampered with in any way" to the Director of Naval Intelligence personally.

We followed that with another signal on the 7th stating that the letters may have been in a brief case and that the attaché was to enquire discreetly if one had been found.

The attaché replied on the 8th that there certainly had been a dispatch case but that it had been taken into official custody and that he had been promised that when it reached Madrid (always a slow business) it would be handed over to him.

This was not done until May 13 when the Chief of the Spanish Naval Staff handed over the case to our attaché on the express instructions of the Minister of Marine and cautiously informed him that everything was safely there.

That everything was there was true—but sadly was another matter!

I will jump now for a moment to the time after the war when we were examining captured German naval archives.

Pam Sent a Wreath

The British officer in charge of the examination one day rang the Deputy Director of Naval Intelligence with horror in his voice. "Something had happened," he said "that the DNI would quite ably like to handle himself. A very senior army officer had sent some highly secret letters apparently by an irregular route and they had fallen into German hands."

Sure enough, they were the documents of Operation Mincemeat! There, in the German files were copies of the letters with translations and also intelligence reports, appreciations, minutes, messages and so on.

We were right. All the letters had been extracted from their envelopes by the Spaniards, photographed, and copies given to the Germans. And they had swallowed the whole thing!

But let me complete Major Martin's story. He had played his part well and he was entitled to the only thanks we could give him. We instructed the British naval attaché to have a wreath from the family and from Major Martin's sweetheart put on his grave. We then asked for a tombstone to be placed over the grave as soon as possible. The official there (see page 24)

Finally I wrote to the attaché asking, on behalf of the bereaved family, for photographs of the grave and these were duly taken and sent to England.

Meanwhile we took one further precaution.

The usual time allowed between a death and the insertion of a name in the lists of naval casualties would have elapsed before the attack on Sicily was safely launched—and The Times reached Lisbon by ear soon after publication. So we had to insert Major Martin's name in the casualty list which appeared in The Times of June 4 1943.

It had already been publicly co-

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Kodak



Dandruff on shoulders is excessive dead cell — a sign your scalp needs care.

DANDRUFF

Why it may be "the beginning of baldness"...

We don't claim miracles. We can't *prevent* baldness. Nor do we believe anyone can. But you should know the following facts about dandruff:

Dermatologists, while differing in their views as to causes of baldness, say that the condition symptomized by excessive dandruff *does* frequently lead to baldness.



1st STAGE
Spores of Malassez

Seborrhea

Dandruff commonly arises from a disease of the scalp called *seborrhea*. Many leading dermatologists say that a causative agent of seborrheic dandruff is a tiny parasite called the *Spore of Malassez*—also known as *Pityrosporum Ovale*. In most men who have it, seborrhea progresses through three stages:

1. Dry, white scales flake off your scalp, drop to your shoulders.

2. Moist, sticky scales appear on scalp. In many cases, hairs begin to die.

3. "Choking" of hair roots with fatty substance from glands; dead cells and dirt may occur. Result is unpleasingly "thin" hair, often *baldness*.

A scalp hygiene program: the Kreml Method

Watch your general health, if you're "run down", see your doctor. Apart from that—give your hair and scalp the *right kind of care*. Here is an easy-to-follow home program—the Kreml Method—used professionally by leading barbers and hairdressers:



2nd STAGE
Bacilli shown may be present

TODAY get a bottle of Kreml Hair Tonic. And make sure you have a good shampoo on hand. TONIGHT, start the Kreml Method of Treatment. Shake Kreml Hair Tonic *generously* on to your head. Massage your scalp vigorously.

Next, apply shampoo. Work up a thick lather—*without putting any water on your head*. Now rinse with water. Lather again. Rinse. Dry your hair thoroughly. Shake on Kreml Hair Tonic—massage it in—comb hair in place.

Tomorrow morning—and every morning! Shake on Kreml Hair Tonic—rub it in—comb hair in place. Kreml contains just enough oil to groom hair—without glistened down appearance.

At first, more dandruff flakes than usual may appear. This simply means dandruff is being cleared out from



3rd STAGE. Bacilli shown may be present. Hair growth may be affected

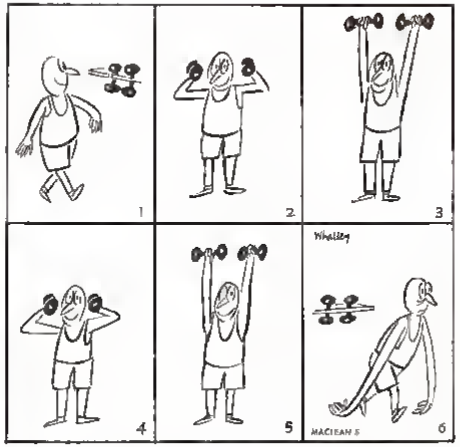
scalp. In stubborn cases, repeat Kreml-and-shampoo treatment.

Inhibits growth of bacilli

There is no known permanent cure for seborrheic dandruff. But certain ingredients of Kreml Hair Tonic DO inhibit the growth of bacilli and of the Spores of Malassez. The Kreml Method is not offered as a substitute for the services of a dermatologist—but it *has* helped thousands of men. Letters tell us so!

Money-back offer. Try the Kreml Method faithfully, and if you are not entirely satisfied, write the J. B. Williams Company, La Salle, Montreal. Enclose Kreml label—tell us what you paid—and we will gladly refund your money.

Get Kreml Hair Tonic today. And we recommend our Kreml Shampoo. See how quickly the Kreml Method makes your head *feel* better and *look* better!



nounced that Rear Admiral Philip Mack, DSO, and others had been lost when a naval aircraft crashed into the sea. By pure chance, Major Martin's name was published in the same casualty list. If the Germans had been looking out for his name, what was more likely than that it was the same aircraft crash.

But this assertion caused some complication. Enquiries promptly came from the sections dealing with naval wills, that dealing with statistics of casualties, and others like them, enquiring why they had not heard of Major Martin.

They had to be informed in great secrecy that they need not worry about Major Martin or record him or his death. He was a special agent who had been sent on an important mission after having been given (with the First Sea Lord's authority) the cover of naval rank as an officer in the Royal Marines.

When we got the letters back from Spain, examination made it clear that the contents had been extracted.

From that moment we knew that we were halfway home. Co-operation between the Spaniards and the Germans was such that we had no doubt that Berlin would have got copies. The question still remained as to whether the German command had swallowed them.

Although the leading on Sicily and what was found there gave a pretty good answer to that last question, we did not learn the extent of our success until after the war. Proof positive was found in captured enemy documents.

First, there was a file especially prepared for Admiral Karl Doenitz on the German document of which we found Admiral Doenitz' personal "squiggle". These documents were marked to be circulated personally and not to go through any registry. They consisted of copies of the Martin letters and two "appreciations", the final one of which ended: "Maintenance of complete secrecy over the discovery and the utmost limitation of circulation of this information is essential."

The German Intelligence appreciated that the risk of the documents being printed was slight. The main risk was whether we knew that the documents had been "captured" or only lost at sea. That question was being followed up—and it had to be considered whether we (the British) still had time either to change or to speed up our plans. That also was thought to be unlikely.

The date of the operation was however not considered to be imminent, both because the captured letters revealed that there was still time to alter some of the minor arrangements for the operations and because some of the troops named as involved were known (to the Germans) to have recently been in action and would have to be rested before the operation.

They also deduced that the invasion of Greece would take place simultaneously with that in the west as we had divided that it was impossible to use Sicily as the "cover target" for both.

What they had learned about Greece was considered of vital importance as they had had much less data about Allied preparations in the eastern Mediterranean than they had had from the western end.

This file was followed by another Intelligence report on the checkup that was made in Spain. The points were stated to have been cleared up in a conversation of May 10, 1943, with the official concerned with whom we have been in contact for many years.

This official explained that the brief case had been clutched in the hand of the corpse (how right we had been to take the risk of using the chain to prevent loss of the bag). The report goes on to describe in detail the contents of the bag.

The letters had been extracted from the envelopes, red dried with artificial heat for reproduction purposes and then resoaked in salt water for twenty-four hours to reproduce their original condition. The German agent had held the envelopes in his hand, they were "in good condition" and he could vouch that they did not appear to have been opened.

The report then discussed in some detail Major Martin's personal papers and mentioned that a night club bill dated 27th April showed that he had left London on the morning of the 28th April, the same day that the aircraft came to grief near Huelva.

This was presumably a middle aged the nature of the Prince of Wales Theatre and a misreading of the date on the stubs of the tickets as well as affording some extension of the post-mortem finding that the body had been in the water for some days before it was found on the 30th. However our use of the stubs to reinforce Major Martin having had to travel by air was justified.

Finally, the German Intelligence Service put out a detailed "appreciation" of our intentions and phrases. These it set out in exactly the way that we had hoped.

In addition I was pleased to find that the "appreciation" stated as confirmation of their deductions, that a joking reference in the letters points to Sardinia." So my ponderous joke inserted in a letter signed by Lord Mountbatten about sardines being "on points" had as I had hoped appealed to the German sense of humour and had the intended effect.

So far success was complete, but what really mattered was whether the German General Staff had accepted the view of its Intelligence Service.

Fourteen days after the body had been floated ashore in Spain on April 30, 1943, the German Naval Staff War Diary recorded that the German Army Staff had definitely concluded that the documents found on him were genuine.

The Army Staff declared that the main Allied assault would be on Sardinia (and not Sicily, which was the Allied intention) with a subsidiary landing to Greece. From this deduction came the following troop movements.

A certain Panzer division was moved from France to a town in the Peloponnesus in Greece to cover reinforcements to the two beaches in Greece—Cape Arazos and Kalamata—mentioned in the documents. Major Martin carried. This was an enormous operation and the division was out of the war for some time.

The Defenses Were Spread-eagled

The German High Command ordered laying of minefields off the Greek coast, coastal batteries were to be installed, MTB bases, command stations and sea patrol services prepared. A whole group of MTBs was sent from Sicily to Greece in June.

In the west, Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel himself signed an order from the Supreme Command of the Armed Forces dated June 14 ordering reinforcement of Sardinia.

A strong Panzer force with supplies for two months was ordered to Corsica and emphasis was laid on the improvement of defenses on the north coast of Sicily (where we did not land) against a diversionary attack during the assault on Sardinia.

Exactly one day before we invaded Sicily the German Admiralty sent to its Commander-in-Chief Mediterranean a message giving Admiral Doenitz' views on Allied intentions. "Sardinia and perhaps Corsica were the first targets. . . the assault on Greece was most probable." A landing on the Italian mainland was considered less likely.

This then, was our dividend. The Germans had spread-eagled their defenses and as the war record gives it, the invasion of Sicily was so unqualified success.

In our examination of captured German documents after the war we also found other odd items.

The German Foreign Office was asked by the German Intelligence to warn Turkey that shipping and troops were being moved to Greece.

Even after the Sicily invasion had started the German High Command asked for a special lookout to be kept by agents in the Straits of Gibraltar for convoys which would be going to attack Corsica and Sardinia. Further documents showed that July 12—two days after the invasion began—a different view began to be taken. Hurried messages went out stopping any MTBs which had not yet sailed from the Italian area for the Aegean from leaving.

It was stated bitterly that the sending of MTBs (in early June) to Greece had left a gap in the defenses of Sicily which were now vital to a battle that was decisive as regards further participation of Italy in the war.

So we learned that Operation Mincemeat had succeeded beyond our most sanguine hopes.

One more pleasure was to be vouchsafed to us.

The diary kept by Doenitz of his conferences with Hitler was examined after the war. This diary revealed that Hitler like everyone else had originally decided that the target of our next assault was to be Sicily. But Major Martin changed his mind.

Doenitz was sent at the beginning of May, to try to co-ordinate operations with Mussolini. While he was away the Mincemeat documents had found their way to German headquarters.

On Doenitz' return he reported to Hitler on May 14. He was asked the Duce's views as to the Allies' next target.

Hitler must have seen the documents for Doenitz then records this change of view. The Führer does not agree with the Duce that the most likely invasion point is Sicily. Furthermore he believes that the discovered Anglo-Saxon order reflects the assumption that the planned attack will be directed primarily against Sardinia and the Peloponnesus." ★





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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JULY 1, 1953

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The Rebel Painter of the Pine Woods

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

Thomson lived as he did—eight months in a tent in the north sketching, four months in his high-ceilinged, sparsely furnished sketch in Toronto where he worked up his canvases so he could stretch his meagre earnings and paint what he wanted. His income came from occasional commercial art assignments in the winter months and from the sale of his sketches at fifteen and twenty dollars each. In the words of his savings ran low, he picked up work as a guide and handyman. He gained a reputation as one of the most skilled fly casters ever to whip Algonquin's waters.

He had, according to a woman who knew him as a young man, an artistic face if he'd been bronzed, he'd have looked like an Indian brave. He was six feet two, slender, solemn and introspective. He lived with the family of Joseph Watson on Elm Street in Toronto for the ten years and it was not uncommon for him to go downstairs from his room on the third floor, at among a group of people in the living room and never say a word. In those ten years he never once mentioned his childhood, his family, or anything personal about himself. Occasionally he went for walks with a woman acquaintance. Thomson would say little, but would pause from time to time and stare out across the trees in the Don Valley. Once he took her to the Canadian National Exhibition. There was a tribe of African natives living in their natural surroundings, sh. stayed there from two or three hours. Tom watched and studied, we went to the art exhibit—there, until it closed. We went, exhibition after times and the outline never varied.

Thomson belonged to no group, he was simply Thomson—says Arthur Lismer, who painted with Tom in the north. "He was as timid as a deer. Every nerve and fibre seemed to be waiting for the tune and pause to register some creative impression. He was almost miserable in his desire for seclusion in his seeking out of lonely spots. He was a creature of depression and of ecstatic moments. I've been with him in the woods when I've got the definite feeling that he was part of them, that the birds and animals recognized something in him that they had in themselves. That is why I say that the rest of us were painting pictures, he was expressing moods. He was simply a *part* of nature."

Lismer sometimes felt Thomson's awareness of things was uncanny. One black night they set out in Thomson's canoe to cross a lake to the point where their tent was pitched. Thomson paddled silently, fast, half an hour. Suddenly he uttered a single word. "Drek." Lismer checked his head and the canoe glided silently under a heavy low hanging bough. "I never saw it," he recalls, "it couldn't even see the shore."

Lismer was told by a friend once that Thomson had described him as a good woodsman. "I had never blushed before," Lismer says, "but I blushed with pleasure then. I can't tell you why a simple compliment from Thomson meant so much."

Thomson could express his own feeling for nature only in his painting. On one occasion Lismer and Jackson went off into the woods in search of scenes to paint and left Tom alone. They returned to find him over on his back, the paint drying on a magnificent northern mood he had sketched. "We could only groan in dismay," Lismer recalls. "What we'd been looking for all afternoon Thomson had found in the very spot we'd left."

Even after Thomson's death there was an inspiration, quality about him. "We felt we were coming back to him after the war," Lismer remembers. "There was the sense of, I wonder what that solemn man is been doing, that I'm sure all of us felt though we'd never talk about it."

Critics agree that the most remarkable thing about Thomson's painting is that it was done in so comparatively small area of rugged, untutored country which was not in any orthodox sense majestic or strikingly beautiful. When he first went to Algonquin Park its tall trees were being cut down and his section was partly fire-swept and flooded by beaver ponds. He depicted every aspect of the park in nearly three hundred small panels, some of them brilliant in color and straightforward in execution. His imagination enabled him to condense a panoramic sweep of country into one picture without cluttering his design. "He gives us the fleeting moment, the mood, the haunting memory of things he felt," A. Y. Jackson observes. "Not knowing all the conventions about what is portable, he found it all paintable: muskeg burnt trees, drowned land, log rhntos, beaver dams, northern lights, flight of wild geese."

Thomson was self taught. His grandfather Tom Thomson came to Canada from Scotland in 1783 and settled at Claremont, near Toronto. Thomson was born there August 4, 1877, the seventh of ten children of John and Margaret Thomson. His parents moved to Leith on Georgian Bay when young Tom was two months old. Tom's mother died of nightly two. A year later Tom's father married her sister, Henrietta. John was eighty-six then, Henriette eighty. John lived until 1910 when he was ninety-one. Six of the children are living, George in Owen Sound, Margaret and Fraser in Toronto, Minnie and Louise in Saskatoon and Ralph in Seattle. George, Margaret and Fraser paint, although none ever approached Tom's facility.

As a boy Tom fished and sailed on Georgian Bay and like his brothers, helped his father on his hundred-acre farm seven miles north of Owen Sound. The family house still stands, a big square, red-brick place on the crest of a hill with white shutters on the windows of its fourteen rooms. Tom went to school in a one-room red schoolhouse near Leith. His father was a wholesome, thoughtful man, a little shy as Tom was. John Thomson used to stand alone on his hilltop to look at the stars.

As a boy Tom scratched sketches on frosty window panes. His sister Margaret recalls that he sometimes would take a notion to draw caricatures of people we knew. He'd whistle and hum while he was drawing and he'd grin if he got a good likeness that the rest of us could recognize."

Turned Down In Seattle

He seemed to mature early. A friend, Joe Coture, once said: "Tom was always sensible. I can't recall his ever making a flippant remark. At seventeen Tom left school to help his father on the farm. A year later he got a small legacy from Tom Thomson his grandfather and went off to business school in Chatham. There he met the Watsons and boarded with them. They recall that he spent most of the legacy on a few friends, taking them to movies and dances. Money never meant much to young Tom as long as he had enough to get by," recalls a man who knew him then. "Four or five years later I was going up in an elevator in a Toronto hotel and there was Tom operating it. 'What in the world are you doing here?' I asked him. He grinned and said: 'That was just a small legacy.'"

In 1901 Tom and three brothers went to Seattle. Tom got a job with a photo-engraving firm and discovered an aptitude for design and penmanship. Inspired by the clear crisp colors of the Pacific landscape, he tried his hand at water colors and enjoyed. At that time, too, Tom fell in love with a girl. When she turned him down he returned to Toronto. He never confessed. Once when a friend asked him why, Tom pointed to a stack of canvases against the wall of his shack. "I'm married to these," he said simply.

It was in 1905 that Tom returned to Toronto. He was then twenty-eight. For the next five years he took odd jobs in engraving firms—and elevators—and in 1910 he joined Grip Limited in Toronto as a designer.

It was to prove the most significant move of his life. At Grip a firm of commercial designers and engravers, he met a group of young men whose hobby was painting. Every week end they'd take trips to the country to fish and sketch and drink a little and talk a lot.

Thomson had rejoined the Watson family now living in Toronto and they were as close to him as anyone ever got. Once at dinner they invited Tom to say grace. Silence ensued and Thomson's face reddened. He knew no dinner blessing. A few years later he presented his first signed picture to the Watsons. It was a picture of Watson and his wife seated at the dinner table and in a corner of the tablecloth Thomson had lettered the Robbie Burns blessing with each of the words capitalized in pixel.

Through the next few years Grip employed young artists like Arthur Lismer, Frederick H. Varley and Frank Carmichael. In 1913 they followed Rebeau the art director to a new firm, Rous and Mann. Though quiet and reserved, Thomson got along well with these men making the weekend trips with them fascinated by their discussions and trying his hand at sketching while they did, fishing with three and playing his mandolin softly as they sat and talked.

In 1913 he decided to take his holidays in northern Ontario with a friend, Bill Broadbent, to sketch and fish. They canoed three hundred miles through a little traveled area where they passed villages whose names were both Indian and euphonious, places like Biscotasing and Auduniskang. They ran rapids between deep gorges and at the end of one sketch known as the forty miles of white water, the sense of surprised Thomson found it impossible to forget such an exploit and, back at work, he talked about it all that winter. Spring ferried him eager to return to sketch the inspiring scenery. Meanwhile he built the only home he was ever to own. It was a one room shack, with high windows and ceiling, of two-by fours and a few beams. The shack a little north of the junction of Bloor and Yonge Streets, still stands in a ravine through which the Toronto subway now cuts. It was roughly built, containing a stove over which Tom cooked his own meals and a couple of bunks and his inexpensive

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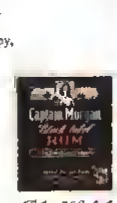
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end battered painting equipment.

Thomson's dress was as unpretentious as his house. Once a group of friends from Algonquin Park visited him to Toronto and he took them to the Royal Alexandra Theatre—which he attended as often as limited funds permitted. Amid elaborately turned out patrons Thomson wearing a faded shirt a battered jacket and salad grey flannel trousers, confounded his guests to their seats. Ahead them, people registered shock disapproval. Finally Thomson turned to an impeccably clad gentleman on his right and remarked softly, "Please don't be upset. The seats are paid for."

Tim Northright Thomson had been annoyed one night a year earlier in his boardinghouse by a group of young artists who occupied the quarters next to his. Unable to concentrate in the din he went next door, knocked loudly and asked the occupants to be a little less zealous in their protestations of faith.

The Almighty, he said, "can't possibly be *that* far away."

Although not a churchgoer Thomson had a religion which was part of his philosophy of life. De jaulty love mercy walk humbly and say nothing about it.

This was the man whose sketches showed such promise that J. E. H. MacDonald told a medical friend, Dr. James MacCallum about them. The doctor was enthusiastic both about art and about the rugged beauty of the Georgian Bay region. MacCallum wanted Thomson in the hut which he'd become known, as it is today, as Tom's Shack. "When I looked at the sketches I realized their truthfulness, their feeling and sympathy with the grim, fascinating north," MacCallum later observed. He tried to persuade Thomson to leave the engraving firm and become a full time painter. At first Thomson would not entertain the idea—he wanted to paint for his own pleasure and to earn his living at commercial art.

But one morning, after working late at his usual the night before, Thomson arrived late for work at Grip. One of the executives glanced pointedly at the clock and looked disapprovingly at Tom. Thomson stopped, stared back at the executive then said, "Oh go to hell." He turned around, went through the door and thus became a practicing painter.

He moved from his shack into the nearby Studio Building which Lawren Harris, an enthusiastic young painter from Brantford and a member of the family which helped found the Massey Harris Company, had built for serious painters. To save expenses, Thomson and A. Y. Jackson shared a studio. Jackson, who had studied impressionism in Paris, had two qualities of special value to Thomson. He was a great colorist and he was able to draw out of Thomson the imagination and feeling he had for the north—and get it on canvas. Thomson's early work was interesting but tight and photographic. He was still trying to draw every twig. Painted objectively and meticulously the north country could well appear commonplace and undistinguished. Jackson taught Thomson that behind its externals was a brooding, haunting feeling that could not be expressed in terms of twigs.

On the other hand Thomson's tales of the north and his sketches he brought back, kindled a great interest in Jackson who joined with Lismer, MacDonald, Varley and the rest in this new striving for the feeling of Canada. Thomson's enthusiasm for the north prompted Jackson to go to Algonquin Park the following summer. As Thomson sketched Jackson would see that his friend was making amazing strides in color becoming richer and his composition freer and bolder.

Sometimes Thomson would get discouraged. Jackson remembers that one night Thomson declared he was through with painting and threw his sketch box as far as he could into the bush. "In the morning we hunted for it, collected the broken bits and took them to the Park warden to be repaired," Jackson adds.

They traveled by Thomson's old grey canvas-covered canoe. Thomson paddling and Jackson looking for subjects. When they found them they pitched a tent and went to work on small birch panels, always with the idea that the sketch was a motif for bigger compositions when they returned to Toronto. It would be difficult to carry canvases in a canoe and store them in a tent.

Their brilliant color and interpretive technique startled critics. They were a complete break from the European influence, especially from pale Dutch monochromes. Healthy, lusty color was considered vulgar. One Toronto critic after viewing the work of MacDonald, Thomson, Lismer and Jackson at the 1918 showing of the Ontario Society of Artists wrote: "The new canvases are sample of that rough splashy, meaningless, blatant plastering and smearing of unpleasant colors all conveying the same impression that the artist was out to make a sensation, didn't know how to do it and wasted considerable good pigment in a disastrous attempt."

Rival artists joined critics in jeering at their work. One man who had never painted outside his studio accused Thomson of painting "obsessed trees." MacDonald retorted that their critics had never seen the country and didn't even know their own back yards. He insisted that if the artists were planning to hit anybody anywhere it wasn't to the eye; it was in the heart of understanding.

Jackson says now that there was nothing revolutionary about the group's ideas. "We felt there was a rich field for landscape motifs if we frankly abandoned our attempt at literal painting, and treated our subjects with the freedom of the decorative designer. We tried to emphasize color, line pattern even if need be at the sacrifice of atmospheric qualities."

Thomson seemed little affected by the turmoil. He reveled in his new-found method of expression as he tramped the northland that spring, summer and autumn. He was a good fisherman and a good cook and he was well liked by the few trappers and guides who lived in the northern wastes. At night he'd build a ramp fire, bake bread, fish, make biscuits and brew tea or coffee. Then he'd curl up in his tent by the dying fire. At sunup he would set off again to his canoe, stopping to sketch the scenes that intrigued him.

One day in Algonquin his friend Mark Robinson, the ranger, saw Thomson approach on the run carrying his canoe over his head.

"Say, Mark," he called, "where can I get three spruce trees, black ones, cold and rough looking—you know what I mean?" And against a green grey north sky."

Robinson knew where the spruce might be although not in quite such detail. He told Thomson.

"You're sure they're against a north sky?"

Robinson nodded. Thomson started at him for a moment, then headed for the lake paddling hard into the distance.

Three days later he showed up at the ranger's cabin.

"You get the spruce?" Robinson asked.

"Yes, I did. Just what I wanted and I waited until the light was just right."

Thomson showed the same patience with his famous Jack Pine, getting the blend of orange and green and yellow that he wanted in his sky for a background of dark rolling hills by endlessly waiting for the right kind of cloud formations and sun reflections. Rulon Robinson later said of Thomson: "He wanted the country to stand out in its most telling characteristics. I've got to hit it and hard, he'd say."

On Sunday, July 8, 1917 Thomson set off around noon in his canoe headed for Canoe Lake. No one was disturbed when he didn't return that night. It was assumed he'd found something to paint, although he'd set off on a fishing trip. But after the third day a search was undertaken. On July 16 Dr. G. W. Haviland was fishing on Canoe Lake with his two little girls and one of them caught something on her line. The doctor helped her with it until he saw what had been hooked.

"I think we'll just go ashore," he said, letting the line out. He sent guides to the spot and Tom Thomson's body was recovered.

Because the body had been in the water several days, a quick burial was imperative. The district coroner could not be located so Haviland performed the autopsy. He found a fine mark, bruise across the right temple. He decided that Thomson had fallen, struck his head on a stone and drowned. But for years Thomson's friends argued about whether he lungs had contained air and not water as would be customary with drowning and they wondered about the fishing line twisted around his legs. There was however, no further investigation and the mystery of Tom Thomson's death remains a mystery. He was buried on the shore of Canoe Lake in the heart of the country he loved so well. Later his friends erected a cairn over his grave.

The ideas he shared with MacDonald, Jackson, Varley and Lismer continued as the motivating force behind their work. A reunion of these artists after World War I brought a new solidarity to their efforts and as Lismer has said "Thomson's spirit was there." By the spring of 1920 they decided to hold a joint exhibition. Franklin Carmichael, Lawren Harris, Frank Johnston, Lismer, MacDonald, Varley and Jackson called their showing "An Exhibition by a Group of Seven Painters." Thus the term "Group of Seven" was born. Had Thomson lived, the group would have become renowned in Canadian art as the Group of Eight. However the popular notion that he founded the Group of Seven is untrue.

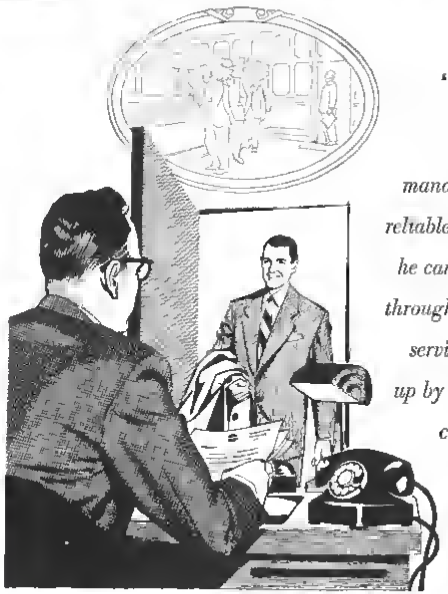
Unquestionably Thomson's work will live forever in Canadian art. Arthur Lismer recalls once visiting a Canadian school and asking the pupils to give him the name of one Canadian artist. The answer came immediately: "Jack Pine."

"The integration of subject and artist," Lismer observed recently, "was complete." ★

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

advisable and even then it is useless without at least one fact.

"There are, of course, occasions on which Martin breaks my safety rules—frets presented in the Martin manner. Some of his most spectacular successes have been before the Court of Appeal or the Supreme Court of Canada where there are no juries and where unpassioned speeches would be wasted on the learned and unemotional judges.

But before juries Martin has accumulated the dramatic technique with the evidence supplies the essential member of fact. He did this in April 1950 when two Royal Canadian Mounted Police constables, posing as dope addicts called at a doctor's office in an Ontario city to purchase narcotics with marked bills. Shortly after they left, two other RCMP officers arrived and arrested the doctor. They searched him and found the marked bills as well as an opened vial allegedly containing the balance of the narcotic sold. The first point claimed to have made in the purchases from him on two previous occasions.

No one knew better than this lawyer that in a non-jury court the prospects of an acquittal did not look bright. He kept going over and over all the data doggedly looking for a defense against what some lawyers might have regarded as an airtight case, and suddenly he was struck by a statement in the account given by the police themselves the first time the doctor was approached for narcotics he refused to sell. The purchases were supposed to have been made on the three subsequent visits. He asked for a jury trial. "Juries, unlike judges," he says, introduce a necessary humanity into the law which might otherwise be lost.

He brought each constable to the witness stand and began by asking his name. It was here that Martin used the emotional approach. When the replied the defense counsel became visibly outraged and exclaimed: "So the name you gave the doctor was false." Astonished each constable had to admit having given a false name. "Where do you live? Then you lied when you told the doctor you live in Montreal! What is your line of work? Then you lied when you said you were an interior decorator!" Martin stretched out the cross-examination and kept angrily hammering at three, you *lied* you *lied*, you *lied*!

Finally he asked with contempt, "Since to carry out your plan you told so many lies how can we be certain you did not go a step or a bit further and lie about the evidence?"

The prosecutor pointed out to the jury that the method used in this case was the only one that can be used to get dope peddlers, addicts and other peddlers rural be used in evidence and so evidence of "high calibre men" like the RCMP must be used.

Martin came over to the jury with anger etched on his face. "You have been listening to one of the most damnable pleas to rumors a man into a criminal offense that has ever been used in this country," he declared. He pointed out the Mounties and recalled that according to their own testimony the doctor had at first refused to sell drugs but that their superior had sent them back with an even bigger roll of money. "Does that strike you as the proper activity for police officers? Their job is to *detect* crime, not to incite it."

The jury was split in its verdict. A second trial jury split again, but right were for acquittal. Martin went through a third trial, blasting the methods of the RCMP in almost sacred Canadian institution and finally the jury was unanimous for an acquittal.

Martin had the police respect each other, however. In 1943 he gave a course at the Ontario Police Training School on a subject on which he has decided opinions. How police should conduct themselves with defense lawyers. Occasionally two police join the long line of people seeking Martin's help when charged with criminal offenses. Recently he defended a constable charged with manslaughter after a fourteen-year old boy was fatally shot in a chase. He succeeded in having the charge dismissed.

Martin's success is not based on careful solution of his cases. John Orde, another of a Toronto legal firm, who once studied at Martin's followed the latter around courtrooms appearances with interest, says. He never picks his cases. He operates just like a cabbie taking on all fares."

But Martin makes one invariable rule. "I will defend anyone only once," he says. This policy was instituted to



avoid becoming a mouthpiece to the underworld. Professional criminals among his clients are the more negligible never more than two percent. The great majority of those he defends are the kind of people who get into serious trouble once but aren't likely to repeat the experience.

Arthur Martin sums up the secret of his success in one word: Preparation. He is one of the few lawyers in Canada who gives his entire time and energy exclusively to criminal law. He has refused high office in legal organizations, he has refused civil cases involving as much as a million dollars, which would have taken only a few weeks of office time. A bachelor, his home is mainly in his office where he works day and night, Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. He has never taken a vacation. The only time he has spent away from his work is the occasional afternoon or week-end in the summer when the courts are in recess. He refuses to own a car, using taxis in order to have one thing less to take his mind away from criminal law.

One of Martin's most effective devices in a final address to the jury with out notes without a scrap of paper in his hands. The secret behind his talking notes throughout the trial and being able to do without them for his jury address is his remarkable memory. After as long as three weeks on a case he remembers every detail, recording at once names, dates and technical information. With nothing to interrupt the smooth flow of his speech he never takes longer than forty-five minutes, saving the jury from fatigue and annoyance. Without notes he looks like a small town hardware merchant giving family advice, not a sharp lawyer intent only on winning his case.

His feats of memory are legendary among Ontario lawyers and law students. One performance in particular is obviously suited for the stage. Given the name of any case in one hundred and four volumes of Canadian Criminal Cases he will respond with the facts of the case together with the exact volume and page numbers the same with thirty-five volumes of the English Criminal Appeal Reports. The act works in reverse. Given the facts of any case he will supply the name and a few related cases as well. But in trade of criminal law he has difficulty remembering a simple telephone number.

Martin himself sums up his jury technique simply. "I try to be the thirteenth juror," he says. In the course of addressing the jury he invariably explains in a simple little lecture one of the main laws favorable to the accused—how it originated and developed. "This is to show it is not just an arbitrary rule but evolved for the protection of us all."

No jury addressed by Martin ever fails to hear these words. "We presume that a man is innocent until proven guilty, extending the accused the benefit of a reasonable doubt is not liberty but the law. To anyone puzzled by the tireless repetition of this elementary rule of British justice he says: "How else can I be certain that every last juror knows it?"

His method of choosing a jury from the jury panel is an important factor in his plan of defense. Although the defense counsel is limited in the number of jurors he may challenge, Martin tries to clear out the entire managerial class. "They are too self-assured and opinionated for this duty," he says. He rejects anyone too far above or below the social and economic status of the accused. "An industrialist should not judge a clerk charged with burglary nor a clerk decide on an industrialist charged with embezzlement. The best juror from his point of view is a moral worker past middle age. "This type has been aware of the hard facts of life. He knows how circumstances may push a man and he can imagine himself in the accused's predicament."

But this is as far as he goes with fixed rules for picking juries. An early experience taught him not to try to reduce it to a formula. He had mapped up a septuagenarian for one of his juries because a book on courtroom technique advised favoring old men, on the theory they are more mellow and tolerant. When the jury was still out after five hours the young barrister was worried sick, but at least thankful the old codger was in there holding out for him. When the jury returned and the verdict was "not guilty" he sighed with relief and looked gratefully at the old man. On the way out of court one juryman told him they were ready to bring in this verdict within thirty minutes but it took all those hours to persuade the old man against conviction. Martin dropped the book into the nearest wastebasket.

Martin takes it as no compliment when someone comments that a client was certainly dripping with guilt and has only Martin to thank for getting him off. "By the time I have investigated a case," he declares, "and go into court I am always convinced of my client's innocence." Defining the proper function of a criminal lawyer as his close friend said: Fighting the crown every inch of the way a lawyer is not only protecting his client but upholding a great principle of justice—still not enjoyed by over half the world's people—and thereby protecting the liberty of all free men."

During the war Martin defended a Nazi. He was hired by the Swiss Consul to represent Eckhart Brosig, a sergeant in the German Air Force accused of robbing a mail truck in the course of escaping from a prisoner-of-war camp. The case aroused international interest because it was a test case to determine to what extent prisoners of war are subject to civil law. Martin succeeded in having the charge dismissed. He had put so much earnest effort into the defense that the accused became convinced Martin was a Nazi sympathizer. He began saluting him with *Heil Hitler!* It took a lot of explaining to get across to him that in this country a good defense is not to be confused with personal—or political—sympathy for the defendant.

The word guilt has practically been wiped out of Martin's vocabulary. "We still know so little about what makes human beings tick," he says, "that no one but God in His infinite wisdom is justified in using the word freely." Martin's sincerity is widely recognized by his colleagues. Recently Dr. Cecil Wright, dean of the University of Toronto law school, said: "Arthur Martin, by his teaching and example, has given Canada the highest concept of the criminal advocate."

There were no profound or inspirational reasons behind Martin's choice of law as a profession. His father, a lumber merchant, thought the boy should have the security of a profession and lawyers seemed pretty solid to him to Arthur Martin the only early attraction of law was that it would bring him into contact with a wide variety of people. One of his enjoyments today is to sit in the lobby of a big hotel for an evening and just watch the people go by.

At the University of Toronto it wasn't long before they typed him a mediocre student. Both in Huntsville where he was brought up until the age of thirteen, and later at Oakwood Collegiate Institute in Toronto he had been indifferent to study. Sports and fun of all kinds were his main interests, to the point of presenting a truancy problem.

A Start With Burglary

At University Martin remained an indifferent student until third year of the course at which time the Dean of Law himself taught a few subjects. Dean W. P. Kennedy's own specialty for the law was imparted in enthusiastic, colorful and entertaining lectures many students remember them as the high light of the course. Martin found that he was not skipping any of the dean's lectures and discovered it was because he was having fun. Thereupon he took to the study of law with all the vigor he had put into his other pursuits and that year created a sensation by heading the class. He began writing articles for the law journals and one, Dying Declarations, is quoted in the latest edition of Kenny's Outlines of Criminal Law, an important legal textbook. In his fourth year his classmates elected him president of the University Law Society. He again headed the class, graduating with as many scholarships as one student could possibly get, plus the gold medal.

At Osgoode Hall, the professional law school in Ontario, he won first place and scholarships in all three years and the gold medal on being called to the bar. He decided to specialize in criminal law. But the legal firm to which he was articled concentrated on commercial law. And as to keep the gold medalist in their office, his employers gave him permission to place his name on the list of lawyers available to defend persons who could not afford a fee.

He was first given a number of burglary cases and it was most of these unhappy clients who, as his war words, went to the penitentiary for long term with alarming speed."

But a few established criminal lawyers recognized the sound grasp of criminal law behind Martin's courtroom inexperience, and enlisted him to

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prepare the legal background of their own cases. That led to his first big break: the Windsor murder case.

One day in 1938 four men entered the North Toronto home of James Windsor, a small-time bookie, while he was at dinner with his family and friends. He was shot dead and robbed. Donald "Mickey" McDonald, a notorious underworld figure, was arrested and charged with the murder. The general public feeling was: "It must be a behind bars rap and if this crime is proved against him we'll be rid of him permanently." It was known that the crown spared no resources preparing its case. The trial was to be the long awaited showdown with Mickey McDonald. Frank Regan, then a leading Toronto criminal lawyer, appeared for the defense. Beside him was Arthur Martin. Regan had a reputation for his courtroom strategy; the younger man was there for points of law.

On the opening day of the trial five witnesses in succession stood up, pointed at the accused and said, "This is the man." One woman, the murder victim's sister, said: "I would never forget that face." The defense countered that the same five witnesses had not been able to indentify the guilty person three months earlier when shortly after his arrest McDonald was placed in a police line-up. At that time Windsor's sister said he looked like the man and asked to see his teeth because she said the man who shot her brother had badly decayed teeth. McDonald showed perfect white teeth. She then said he was not the man.

The crown produced a witness, John Shea, who was himself awaiting trial for bank robbery the gun that fired the bullet which killed Jimmie Windsor had been found in his possession. His explanation was that Mickey McDonald used his apartment to store his guns and the night of the murder McDonald came to get one returning with it an hour later and saying he had just killed a man. Regan ridiculed the idea of believing anything said by Shea on the ground that he was obviously giving this testimony in the hope of a more lenient sentence for his own crime.

Almost as difficult to combat as any direct evidence, however, was the open knowledge of Mickey's record and connections, which the prosecutor made a point of keeping in the forefront. Despite a hard fought defense the verdict of guilty came as a surprise to few. The prisoner was sentenced to death.

The usual appeal was launched but Regan confined himself to jurors and had no intention of going to the higher court himself. He approached a few counsel for the task but they declined. Better let Arther Martin handle it, especially as he was already familiar with the case they suggested.

That was the moment all underdogs dream about. In the Ontario Court of Appeal Arthur Martin attacked chiefly the shaky identification evidence. He also asserted that it was a damning piece of prejudice for the crown to question the accused about a previous arrest and to make inferences about his criminal associations. He cited English judgments which declared that it was better for the occasional guilty person to go free than to sustain a conviction in which any infringement on the rights of an accused had occurred.

The three judges put their heads together for a minute, then Mr. Justice Fisher addressed the twenty-six-year old barrister. "Although the bench does not habitually remark on the able arguments of elder practitioners we feel that we cannot refrain from commenting on the brilliant manner in which so young a man has argued his appeal." A new trial was ordered.

On their second chance the defense trained all its guns on the identification evidence. When it was completely blasted everything else toppled over, with the result that Mickey McDonald went free.

This case taught Martin what he still considers his most useful lesson outside the law books—to look with particular suspicion on all identification evidence. "When any witness says, with no matter how much conviction, 'This is the man,' the statement should be regarded as merely an opinion and not a fact." He has found that frequently what passes for perfect identification in court—if counsel is not alert—is not identification at all. Investigating a case brought to him at the appeal stage he discovered that following the arrest three bank employees who had been robbed were taken to see the accused in the police station cell and asked if he was the man. Each said he "thought" he was. Afterward they unhesitatingly picked him out of a line-up. Bet, Martin argued, they picked him out not as the robber but as the man they saw in the cells. The sentence was quashed.

After the McDonald case Martin went into practice on his own. He rented an office in the same building a few doors down the corridor. His gracious sister Arlene became his secretary. They have been in the same simply furnished little office ever since.

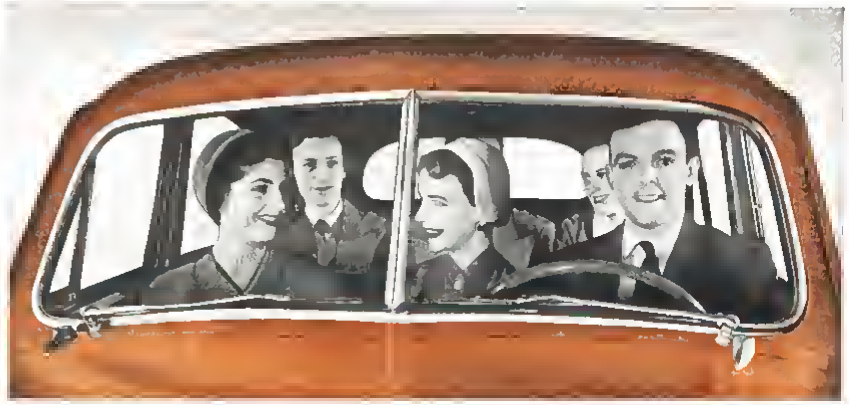
Mickey Had His Chance

Martin didn't have long to wait for his first client. No sooner was his name dry on the door when he received a call from Mickey McDonald himself. This time he was charged with robbing a store. Martin got him off but also made up his mind about the once-a-customer policy. He told McDonald he could either keep out of further scrapes or get a new lawyer.

Three years later in October 1944 Mickey was front page news again. He was one of a gang arrested for highjacking a thirty-five thousand dollar truckload of liquor and kidnaping the driver. He pleaded with Martin to defend him once more but Martin made his decision stick. He was associated with the case, however, defending another member of the gang, Bernadette Zanelli. The results of the trial were fifteen years in the penitentiary for Mickey, ten years for a second member of the gang, five for Mickey's brother Edwin. Zanelli got two years less a day. It was while serving this sentence that Mickey McDonald escaped from Kingston Penitentiary in August 1947 and has not been heard of again.

Martin has never handled a civil case since then. To him the only legal situation of importance is when a person's life or liberty is in jeopardy. But he also has a personal temperamental reason for preferring criminal law. "I don't want anyone coming into my office ordering me to do this or that about his affairs," he says. "In my kind of practice I make the decisions and run everything my own way."

Charles Dubin, one of Martin's most distinguished students, came into a half million dollar civil case early in his career. He wanted help and persuaded Martin to work on some of the problems for a portion of the very substantial fee. They met for a few discussions Dubin relates, but Martin could never get serious about the work and finally asked to be released. It all seemed like a silly puzzle to him, says Dubin. He couldn't care less how the fight over the money came out. At the time I knew he was quite worried about a carpenter who was in



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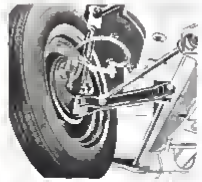


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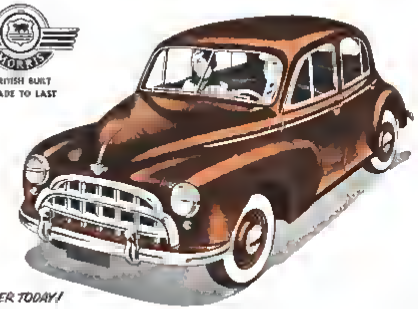


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danger of going to jail for forty days.

Martin is not even his own family's lawyer. When he bought his new home in Beyview last year he had a lawyer across the road examine the deed.

Arthur Martin is a bachelor and he lives with his mother and sister. His sister-secretary, Arline, is available to him around the clock. For many years they lived in a central apartment until Martin bought a house to please his mother who had been used to a piece of her own and a garden. It was a beautiful southern colonial style home on an acre of lawn, but Martin has no mind to do with it running it than if he were a guest. Outside his work his mother and sister look after everything for him. They buy all his clothing. They select the cloth for his suits and Arline arranges the time for fittings. He doesn't buy shoes in the ordinary way. Arline brings an armful from the store.

The family works as a team but neither Mrs. Martin nor Arline have ever seen Arthur Martin in court. They get a play by play description of the trial by continuous telephone calls from Pat Hart, the studio currently attached to him. When the jury is out thirty minutes all nervous at the same time and they hear the verdict only a few minutes after it is given. Every year in chess and guest lecturing Martin is asked the same question at least once. "Do you think people who commit crimes are a peculiar type of person who must have been born that way?"

To which he replies patiently: "In my opinion there are no born criminals. Most of the people I have defended were known as decent, law-abiding citizens some among the finest in the land. I would not be at all surprised to see any one of you charged with murder. ★

The Binghams Came To Blows

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

booked on a charge of assault with a deadly weapon. Bail was denied and he was locked up.

During the afternoon the impression that Mr. Bingham was in a nice mess was further confirmed by a visit to the jail by Mr. Bingham's attorney, a Mr. Reamer. Mr. Reamer did not come unsolicited. Mr. Bingham had been howling for his attorney for several hours, in fact from the moment of his incarceration.

Mr. Reamer brought bad news for Mr. Bingham. In the general effect that Mrs. Bingham was not only bringing suit for divorce but that she was also moving heaven and earth, through her attorney Mr. Aldrich, to have him (Mr. Bingham) committed either to the penitentiary or, preferably, to an institution for the criminally insane. Having delivered his unfortunate news to his client Mr. Reamer added that in his opinion he (Mr. Bingham) ought to be ashamed of himself. This criticism of his conduct was not well taken by Mr. Bingham who stated bluntly that any husband would have done as he (Mr. Bingham) had done under similar provocation.

Encouraged by Mr. Reamer Mr. Bingham proceeded forthwith, in a grim voice, choked with emotion, to make a long and impassioned statement relating all the circumstances which led up to the alleged assault. Mr. Reamer was deeply impressed by Mr. Bingham's narrative powers. He told Mr. Bingham that there certainly did seem to be a certain amount of provocation. However, being a lawyer by profession and rather conscious by nature, he figured that Mr. Bingham's unsupported testimony might be tainted by prejudice. He wanted to hear Mrs. Bingham's version of the facts before coming to any conclusion.

Mr. Reamer left the jail, called up Mr. Aldrich and informed Mrs. Bingham's attorney that he had just left Mr. Bingham who had told him quite a story. He suggested that both of them should visit Mrs. Bingham to hear her side of the case. Mr. Aldrich readily consented to seek an interview.

The meeting took place that evening at the Bingham residence. Mrs. Bingham received Mr. Reamer with great courtesy and a badly swollen jaw which however did not prevent her from being extremely articulate. Mr. Reamer was even more impressed by Mrs. Bingham's narrative powers than he had been by her husband's. In spite of the handicap under which she was speaking (her jaw) Mrs. Bingham spoke without interruption for more than two hours. Mr. Reamer thanked her profusely for her great consideration in having consented to the meeting. He then left, accompanied by Mr. Aldrich and also accompanied by the firm conviction that Mr. Bingham deserved to be canonized for his remarkable restraint in having confined the alleged assault to one mild blow with a frying pan. He stated this conviction off the record to Mr. Aldrich. Mr. Aldrich replied stiffly that his client (Mrs. Bingham) took the opposite view.

Since a proper understanding of Mr. Bingham's predicament requires a precise knowledge of all the facts available they are herewith recorded.

ALFRED BINGHAM was in the wholesale household hardware business. It was a nice steady prosperous business, but it presented quite a few problems, not the least of which was the difficulty of saying wholesale household hardware without getting his tongue twisted (an obvious frustration).

Mr. Bingham lived in southern California in a very exclusive, extremely new community called Nestling-By-The-Sea. Mr. Bingham considered that (rightly) a republicly coy name but there was very little he could do about it because that was the name of the place and nobody else seemed to mind. Occasionally, by way of protest, Mr. Bingham, when asked in a store for his address, merely said "Nestling," but since there was a town called Nestling fifteen miles away, this only caused a delay in the delivery of packages and really soon he gave it up. Another dormant frustration.

Mr. Bingham lived in (and owned) a large, comfortable house of vaguely Moorish architecture. It had a couple of turrets and a dome, and one of the chimneys had been designed to look like a minaret. Mr. Bingham did not like Moorish architecture and he thought the minaret was the silliest thing he had ever seen, but Mrs. Bingham was crazy about the whole layout. She always insisted that the house had great character. Mr. Bingham, who recognized that this was not a debatable proposition, never argued this point. He merely looked at her rather pityingly and then changed the subject. Secretly, Mr. Bingham was firmly convinced that Mrs. Bingham was really terribly feeble-minded.

Although Mr. Bingham had bought the house nearly five years ago Mrs. Bingham was still busily furnishing it. She had a passion for antiques and went to every auction within a radius of fifty miles. As a result the house was filled with a great many very expensive pieces of furniture, mostly of dubious authenticity, mostly as Moorish as the minaret but all possessed (according to Mrs. Bingham) of character. Mr. Bingham thought the place looked like a mess and very often said so. These remarks irked Mrs. Bingham but did not distress her unduly. She merely looked at Mr. Bingham rather pityingly and then changed the subject. Secretly, Mrs. Bingham was firmly convinced that Mr. Bingham was really rather feeble minded. She never said so, but Mr. Bingham was quite perceptive and he knew that this was Mrs. Bingham's conviction. It griped him considerably.

In spite of this low estimate of each other's brain power they were a fairly congenial and even rather happily married couple. They never quarreled in public and very rarely in private and each (according to his (or her) mates) was considerate and solicitous of the other's comfort and health. If for instance Mr. Bingham awakened during the night and complained of indigestion Mrs. Bingham never failed to show sympathy and always got up and fixed him some bicarbonate of soda. Conversely if Mrs. Bingham awakened during the night with a similar complaint Mr. Bingham was always sympathetic and never failed to suggest that Mrs. Bingham should get up and fix herself some thing. This incident should not be construed to imply that either Mr. Bingham or Mrs. Bingham suffered unduly from indigestion or anything else. It is merely recorded to demonstrate the cordial relations which existed between them. Or to be more accurate which *did* exist until the morning of July 14.

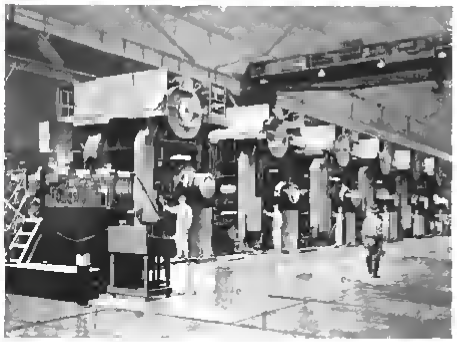
ON THE morning of July 14 Mrs. Bingham was awakened at six by the shrill summons of her alarm clock. It was a very sturdy clock with a luminous dial and a bell that could be heard for twenty blocks. Mrs. Bingham grabbed the clock, stopped the alarm and hastily examined both. She took need the front of the mechanism. It was exactly six. Mrs. Bingham was furious. She had intended to set the alarm for eight but the little jigger which determined the hour must have slipped or something. Anyway it was set off at six. It was still quite dark in the room.

Mrs. Bingham was annoyed but not nearly as annoyed as Mr. Bingham, who slept in the same room and slept far less soundly than Mrs. Bingham.

"What's the time?" said Mr. Bingham sleepily.

Eight," said Mrs. Bingham without batting an eyelash. She hastily hid the clock under her pillow and hoped that Mr. Bingham who never got up till nine, would turn over and go back to sleep again without discovering her rare less error.

"Kind of dark for eight," said Mr. Bingham, yawning.



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"Yes," said Mrs. Bingham. "Go back to sleep, dear."

"Why are you getting up at eight?" Mr. Bingham enquired. He did not really care why Mrs. Bingham was getting up, but since he was now wide awake he desired to make conversation.

"Sadie's day off," said Mrs. Bingham. "I have to do breakfast. Go back to sleep."

"Hrrrmph!" said Mr. Bingham. This was a monosyllabic ejaculation susceptible of many interpretations to which Mr. Bingham were frequently addicted. It was invariably used as a response to some remark (or comment) made by Mrs. Bingham substantially it implied regardless of the varied intonation which he gave to it: that he considered Mrs. Bingham to be pretty much of a fool to have uttered the given remark (or comment). In this particular instance it meant, specifically: that Mrs. Bingham should have known that he had a fat chance of going back to sleep now. Mr. Bingham always claimed that he suffered mildly from insomnia.

Mrs. Bingham then tiptoed into the bathroom and closed the door. Her inclination was really to go back to bed and sleep for a couple of hours, and it really was right for her having left Mr. Bingham at this hour already... she deemed it more expedient to carry on as if no deception had been practiced. Mrs. Bingham had never fully accepted Mr. Bingham's often-stated claim that he suffered from insomnia, and she hoped he would roll over and go back to sleep.

The Moorish influence was most evident in the bathroom than in any place in the house. There was a sunken bathtub built of very slippery blue tiles decorated with Arabic symbols; the wash basin vaguely resembled a fountain; and the door of the stall shower looked like the entrance to a mosque. There was no room for the disposal of cold razor blades, no receptacle to park a toothbrush and no rods on which to hang towels or washcloths. Mrs. Bingham always defended these deficiencies by claiming that chromium fittings in a Moorish bathroom would be anachronisms.

His argument always annoyed Mr. Bingham and on several counts. First he liked to bathe in comfort with towels and toothbrushes readily accessible; second he was (it will be recalled) a wholesale household hardware dealer and the bathroom could have been lousy with chromium fittings at negligible cost; third it always grieved him to hear Mrs. Bingham use the word "anachronism" because when she had first used it the word was unfamiliar to Mr. Bingham and he had to look it up in a dictionary. He was particularly irked by the discovery that Mrs. Bingham had used the word correctly since it had always been Mr. Bingham's firm belief that Mrs. Bingham's vocabulary was far less extensive than his own.

Mrs. Bingham had barely lowered herself into the sunken bathtub when the door was opened by Mr. Bingham. Under normal conditions Mr. Bingham was wont to knock on the door before entering, but today he did not do so. Mrs. Bingham noted unconsciously that Mr. Bingham was carrying the alarm clock and deduced immediately (and accurately) that he would request some explanation of the morning's unusual chronology.

"What's the big idea?" said Mr. Bingham, waving the alarm clock.

"What idea, dear?" Mrs. Bingham enquired disingenuously. Even Mrs. Bingham recognized that she was far from being a brilliant gambit but at the moment she could not think of anything else to say. Mrs. Bingham was conscious of the fact that she did not look her best seated in a sunken bathtub and was consequently loath to have Mr. Bingham stand there as a spectator.

"Why do you tell me it's eight when it's only six?" bellowed Mr. Bingham.

"Well, for heaven sakes," said Mrs. Bingham in a nervous tone, reflecting to his surprised. "Don't tell me it isn't eight!"

Since this was precisely what Mr. Bingham had just told her and since he knew that Mrs. Bingham also knew very well that such was the case, her manifestly idiotic statement only increased Mr. Bingham's irritation.

"You know damn well it's only six," said Mr. Bingham. "Why did you hide the clock under the bed?" He merited of course to ask her why she had hidden the clock under the *pillow* but he was understandably overwrought and was not conscious of having misstated the fact.

I never did any such thing," said Mrs. Bingham promptly determined to take full advantage of Mr. Bingham's unconscious lapse. "I don't know what you're talking about." She realized even then that her simplest course would have been to confess her error to Mr. Bingham and to ask him to forgive her frigidity, but she elected not to adopt this rational procedure.

Mr. Bingham waved the clock under Mrs. Bingham's nose. "Then you gonna tell me," Mr. Bingham enquired, "it was purely a rhetorical question rattling for no answer, but Mrs. Bingham gave him one anyway.

"No," said Mrs. Bingham with simple dignity.

"Did you hide this or didn't you?" Mr. Bingham roared. Again it was a rhetorical question since, having seen Mrs. Bingham hide the clock, he had no doubt about the matter.

Why no earth would I want to hide a silly old clock?" said Mrs. Bingham. She could think of no reasons (other than the motives which had prompted her to do so) and she was not really interested to discover whether Mr. Bingham could suggest some other hypothesis but she had lived with Mr. Bingham for many years and knew by experience that the device of answering his question by posing another question almost invariably threw him for a loss.

In this particular instance the tactic successfully threw Mr. Bingham back to the first of scrimmage. In a rather bewildered way he repeated his initial query.

"What's the big idea?" said Mr. Bingham. "Why are you getting up so early?

"It isn't so early, dear," said Mrs. Bingham. "When Sadie goes out you know I *always* get up at six." She meant, of course, to say that she always got up at eight, but by this time she was sadly confused.

"You do not," said Mr. Bingham.

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TO!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

"You always get up at *eight*."

"That is right, that's what I *said*," Mrs. Bingham replied. She said it with great conviction, firmly convinced that was what she *had* said.

"But it isn't six," Mr. Bingham yelled. "It is eight. That's what I'm trying to tell you." It will be observed that by this time Mr. Bingham was quite confused. What he meant to say, of course, was that it was six and not eight. He was not only confused he was frustrated. He had a savage, childish impulse to push Mrs. Bingham into the sunken bathtub, but since she was already in the bathtub this satisfaction was denied to him.

All right," said Mrs. Bingham soothingly. "We both seem to regret that it is right. Why are you so excited?

She knew very well why he was excited, and she knew equally well that it was not right, and that an agreement to this effect had been reached between them. Nevertheless she proceeded in this manner because by this time she did not care whether Mr. Bingham blew his top or not. She felt like a fool sitting there in a sunken bathtub with Mr. Bingham standing over her waving an alarm clock under her nose. She had no soap within reach and was therefore unable to perform her ablutions. These circumstances added to *her* sense of frustration.

At this moment the alarm clock went off again, scaring the daylights out of both Mrs. Bingham and Mr. Bingham, neither of whom were prepared for such a contingency. (It went off presumably because Mr. Bingham's thumb touched the little pigger to the back.) In any event Mr. Bingham now thoroughly perceived dropped the clock and went out of the bathroom slamming the door. Mrs. Bingham reached for some soap and started bathing herself. She was not ill pleased. Reviewing the last conversation she was reasonably satisfied that Mr. Bingham had made a bigger fool of himself than *she* had.

Since the whole thing was her fault, as she readily conceded (to herself), Mrs. Bingham considered this outcome quite acceptable. She had not as yet made any admission and did not intend to do so. She then picked up the clock, hastily adjusted it so that it appeared to be eight (and not six) and then replaced the clock on the floor where Mr. Bingham had dropped it. This shrewd manoeuvre was merely designed to confuse the whole issue (including Mr. Bingham) by subsequently blaming the error upon the clock rather than upon herself.

Meanwhile Mr. Bingham still thoroughly perturbed went downstairs. There was beginning to be some doubt in his mind by now as to whether it really *was* six or eight although when he had entered the bathroom then, had been no doubt whatsoever. He went downstairs pettishly to let the dog in but actually to look at the kitchen clock. He figured (logically) that his doubts could be forever resolved by reference to this reliable timepiece.

The kitchen clock indicated exactly seven minutes past twelve. Mr. Bingham was somewhat shaken by this discovery since it further rumpled *his* disproved his theory that it was six. On the other hand the aforementioned fact that it *might* be eight was scarcely established as any what more tangible. The obvious explanation, namely that Sadie (or Mrs. Bingham) had forgotten to wind the clock did not occur to Mr. Bingham for several moments. He merely stared stupidly at the clock, which he believed to be functioning.

The clock came directly from Mr. Bingham's stock of wholesale household hardware and had been recommended by a year's guarantee. Mr. Bingham knew that it could not be seven minutes past twelve *midnight* since he had not retired to bed until a quarter of one. He suspected that it could not be seven minutes past twelve noon because the kitchen was still dark (or *had* been dark until Mr. Bingham snapped on the light). After several moments of mental turmoil Mr. Bingham discovered that the clock had stopped. This aggravated Mr. Bingham excessively. It was enough—dark enough—that Mr. Bingham knew by experience that it took less than ten seconds to wind. He could not fathom why Mrs. Bingham (or Sadie) should neglect to devote ten seconds to a period of eight days to this obviously necessary function.

Mr. Bingham went upstairs immediately (without letting the dog in) and once more entered the bathroom (without knocking). Mrs. Bingham was still seated in the bathtub but she had used a great deal of soap and the water was now opaque. She no longer felt as such, but she was no less irritated by Mr. Bingham's appearance. She deduced (accurately) that Mr. Bingham desired to resume the topic of chronology. Mrs. Bingham at the moment did not share this desire.

"Get out of here," said Mrs. Bingham.

"I just want to look at the kitchen clock," said Mr. Bingham.

"Go away," said Mrs. Bingham.

"Why don't you ever wind it?" enquired Mr. Bingham.

"Go away," Mrs. Bingham repeated.

Why do you tell me it's eight when it's only six?" said Mr. Bingham.

"Because it is right," said Mrs. Bingham. "Now get out of here."

"Did you mean to sit there and tell me that you really think it is right?" said Mr. Bingham.

"Yes," said Mrs. Bingham.

Mr. Bingham picked up the clock and waved it slowly under Mrs. Bingham's nose. He did so without looking at it himself, since he considered it

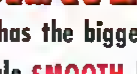
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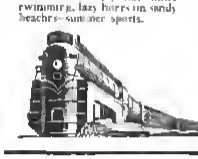
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(with adequate reason) unnecessary to do so.

"What time does that say?" said Mr Bingham triumphantly.

"Eight," said Mrs. Bingham simply, thanking God for the foresight which had prompted her to make the adjustment necessary to bear out her statement.

"Are you blind?" said Mr Bingham, still without looking at the clock.

"Look at it yourself," said Mrs Bingham irritably.

Mr Bingham did so, rearing with somewhat violent incredility to the testimony of his own vision.

"Well I'll be damned," said Mr Bingham.

"I hope so," said Mrs. Bingham.

"But it was six," said Mr Bingham. "I saw it myself. It was six."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Bingham.

"Then why did you hide it under the pillow?" said Mr Bingham.

"Because I wanted to muffle the sound of the ticking," said Mrs Bingham virtuously. "Because I have a little consideration for other people." She then repeated several times her request for Mr Bingham to get out. Mr Bingham baffled by the circumstances finally got out.

After a brief pause Mr Bingham decided to perform the first really intelligent act which had occurred to him that morning. He picked up a telephone, dialled a requisite number, and was informed by a bright girlish voice that when he heard the tone it would be exactly six fourteen. Mr Bingham who did not realize that this voice was recorded on tape said "Thank you" very politely in a tone of great satisfaction.

His doubts regarding the precise time were now completely resolved. For the third time that morning Mr Bingham entered the bathroom (without knocking). Mrs Bingham was no longer in the sunken bath tub but she now felt justified in viewing the remaining area of Mr Bingham with even greater displeasure.

"Get out of here," said Mrs Bingham.

"I just got the right time over the telephone," said Mr Bingham. "It's a quarter past six—not eight."

"Go away," said Mrs. Bingham.

"Okay," said Mr Bingham. "I just wanted you to know." He left the room closing the door behind him. He was still carrying the alarm clock which in spite of having been dropped on the floor of the bathroom was still functioning. Mr Bingham sat on the end of his bed and pondered.

It should be noted that Mr Bingham at this juncture felt magnanimous. He was willing to attribute the entire incident to the faulty mechanism of the clock and not to Mrs. Bingham's sinful stupidity and subsequent guilt. This was in effect a generous tribute for whereas the clock had been accompanied by a handsomely engraved guarantee of accuracy Mrs Bingham had never been accorded any such warranty.

Mr Bingham in this mellowed mood waited for Mrs Bingham to come out of the bathroom. It was his intention—after Mrs Bingham had emerged—to observe in peculiar way that this little *contretemps* was not without its humorous side. He figured that Mrs Bingham would be unfamiliar with the word '*contretemps*' and looked forward to translating it for her. He still rankled (subconsciously) over her use of the word *anachronism*.

When Mrs Bingham came out of the bathroom Mr Bingham smiled at her affably. This surprised Mrs Bingham—who had anticipated finding him in an evil humor.

That was quite a little *contretemps* we had, said Mr Bingham jocularly.

It was indeed! said Mrs Bingham also affably. She did not know *contretemps* from a hole in the wall and Mr Bingham's pronunciation of this phrase was not helpful but Mrs Bingham was determined not to give Mr Bingham the satisfaction of admitting this.

Since it was obviously silly for Mr Bingham to explain or translate a word which Mrs. Bingham had accepted without question Mr Bingham's sense of frustration became acute. He wrote into the Moorish bathroom and took a shower.

MRS BINGHAM dressed to get undressed and for breakfast for Mr Bingham. It was still much too early but since sleep was manifestly impossible for both of them she thought it might be a good idea to mollify Mr Bingham by preparing something special for him. Mrs. Bingham entertained the delusion (erroneous) that she was a superb cook. She often told her friends that she really looked forward to Sadie's day off because this afforded her the opportunity to flutter around in her kitchen and to whip up some delicacy which would tempt Mr Bingham's jaded appetite. Whenever Mr Bingham heard Mrs Bingham make this statement (roughly once a week) he always denied (irritably) that his appetite was jaded. Mr Bingham considered Sadie to be a far superior cook to Mrs Bingham and did not participate Sadie's day off with the same pleasure that Mrs Bingham did.

This morning Mrs. Bingham elected to wear a housecoat (or negligee) of pronounced Moorish design. It was a long sleeved ring-flowing robe of Imasperial velvet which had been purchased for Mrs. Bingham by a female friend who happened to be window-shopping in Cairo. Mrs Bingham had never previously worn the garment and, in electing to wear it on this occasion she furnished the hope that Mr. Bingham would find it (the robe) and her (Mrs Bingham) attractive and desirable. She regretted having ranked Mr Bingham off several hours sleep and was now desirous of making honorable amends.

Mr Bingham came out of the bath room while Mrs Bingham was still preening herself in front of a mirror.

"Hello dear," said Mrs Bingham. "Did you have a nice shower?"

"Humph," said Mr Bingham. The ejaculation which carried neither a positive nor a negative intonation was intended (amply) to convey that he considered this a perfectly fatuous question. He did not look at Mrs Bingham and started to get dressed.

"How do you like my new robe?" said Mrs Bingham, posing rather coyly for Mr Bingham's observation.

"What new robe?" said Mr Bingham who happened to be driving rather irritably in his sock drawer at the moment.

"This one, stupid," said Mrs Bingham. She intended the word "stupid" to be construed as a familiar endearment; but Mr Bingham did not so construe it. He was annoyed.

"How do you like it?" said Mrs Bingham. Mr Bingham having found the socks for which he was looking in the handkerchief drawer (and not in the sock drawer)—turned around to inspect the garment regarding which Mrs Bingham had invited his opinion. He thought it looked like a mess.

"I think it looks like a mess," said Mr Bingham.

"I think it has great character," said Mrs. Bingham—piqued by her husband's response.

"I think it makes," said Mr Bingham. He figured that this should wind up the discussion of the garment and he was right. Mrs Bingham swept out of the room.

Mr Bingham felt a momentary pang of remorse. He still thought the garment deplorable in every respect but after due consideration believed that he might have expressed his views in more tactful language. He made up his mind to tell Mrs Bingham when he came down to breakfast that, on the whole, it (the garment) was really not half bad.

In the kitchen Mrs. Bingham was preparing cheese blintzes for Mr Bingham's breakfast. In spite of his unquestionable disapproval of her new robe Mrs Bingham bore Mr Bingham no malice at this juncture (or at least very little). She had determined to mollify Mr Bingham by fixing something special for breakfast and was not to be deterred from her resolve either by Mr Bingham's harsh words or by the difficulties attendant upon the preparation of cheese blintzes. Mrs. Bingham estimated that the operation would require forty-five minutes but since they were two hours early any way she did not believe that Mr Bingham would mind waiting. Mrs. Bingham was wrong both in her estimate of forty-five minutes (it took an hour and a half) and in her belief that Mr Bingham would not mind waiting (he minded very much). He also regarded eating in the kitchen which sought to belittle its functions (equipment behind a décor of strong Moorish influence. Mr Bingham subscribed to the realistic philosophy that a kitchen should look like a kitchen—and not resemble (as the Bingham kitchen did) the interior of a Moorish place of worship.



MACLEAN'S

When finally Mrs Bingham sat down before Mr Bingham a plate of cheese blintzes, fried to an delicate crisp brown, Mr Bingham stared at the plate without visible enthusiasm.

"What the blazes is that?" said Mr Bingham.

"Cheese blintzes, dear," said Mrs Bingham proudly and fondly.

"What?" said Mr Bingham.

"Cheese blintzes," said Mrs Bingham—proudly—but not so fondly.

"*What* are cheese blintzes?" said Mr Bingham. It was an intelligent question since Mr Bingham had never previously seen a cheese blintz nor could he remember having ever even heard of this delicacy. Mrs. Bingham did not reply to Mr Bingham's reasonable query. She was beginning to question the wisdom of her decision to fix blintzes for Mr Bingham's breakfast. She had never prepared them before in her life but had been intrigued by the recipe in a cookbook.

"What are they?" said Mr Bingham, unable to fathom Mrs. Bingham's reticence. Mrs. Bingham resented his tone.

"I resent your tone," said Mrs. Bingham.

"What is this ghastly looking white stuff on the plate?" said Mr Bingham (without changing his tone).

"Sour cream," said Mrs. Bingham.

"Sour *what?*" asked Mr Bingham.

"Cream," said Mrs. Bingham.

"Sour?" said Mr Bingham genuinely concerned.

"Yes," said Mrs. Bingham.

Mr Bingham got up, carried his plate over to the sink and scraped the entire contents into the garbage pail.

"Now, why did you do that?" said Mrs. Bingham. It was obvious that Mr Bingham had done it to demonstrate his preferred disposal for sour cream blintzes for breakfast (or any other meal) but Mrs Bingham posed the question anyway.

"Don't ask such damn silly questions," said Mr Bingham. He resumed his seat and requested Mrs Bingham to fix him some bacon and eggs and to be quick about it. He did not wish to discuss the question of cheese blintzes any more, being satisfied that he had made his feelings perfectly clear.

Mrs Bingham then raised both her arms above her head and sort of wriggled them. This was not in response to Mr Bingham's request nor was the gesture intended to arouse him in any manner. It was merely feminine intuition made mandatory by the construction of her robe (or negligee) which (it will be recalled) had long flowing sleeves which fell over her hands and impeded her movements unless she permitted gravity to exercise its pull upon the fabric.

Mr Bingham, not being privy to this simple explanation of Mrs. Bingham's strange gesture misinterpreted the underlying intent.

"Are you going into a nautch dance?" said Mr Bingham. The intonation in which he couched the query implied the ultimate in degradation and depravity.

"You make me sick," said Mrs. Bingham.

"Likewise," said Mr Bingham in spades."

There was complete silence in the kitchen. Not even the kitchen clock could be heard ticking (Mrs Bingham had omitted to wind it).

"For two pins I would walk out of this house and leave you," said Mrs. Bingham. She did not mean this for the consideration (two pins) she would do anything of the sort. She merely wished to indicate her very active displeasure with Mr Bingham's attitude.

Mr Bingham took stock of the circumstances in one hasty all-encompassing moment. He had been aroused two hours before it was necessary, he had been kept waiting for his breakfast, he had been offered a dish unknown (and therefore undesirable) to him, he was seated on a low hard Moorish teakwood stool, decorated with mother of pearl inlay, before a refectory table of similar design. And finally there was Mrs. Bingham before him, very eyes pruning reverted to a silly robe making silly threats of leaving him. Mr Bingham had a notion to give Mrs Bingham a good sock in the nose.

"I have a notion to give you a good sock in the nose," said Mr Bingham.

"You wouldn't dare," said Mrs Bingham promptly.

This proved to be a rash statement because (as previously recorded) Mr Bingham did dare. He picked up the frying pan in which Mrs. Bingham had fried the cheese blintzes and socked her with it.

THE CASE of Bingham vs Bingham is now before the courts and will be duly heard in the City Hall of Nestling-By The Sea. The additional cause of Her People vs Alfred Bingham (felonious assault with a deadly weapon) also remains to be adjudicated. Further comment seems inadvisable lest prejudice be aroused in the community where these trials will be held. ★

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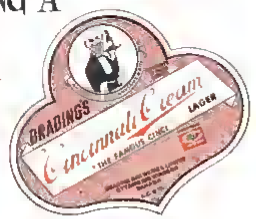
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Life With Five Governors-General

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

the Canadian veterans gave me." As we swung by the Parliament Buildings where the flags were lowered to signal dissolution Byng stared at them with pain in his eyes. He himself was convinced that he was right and had done the honest thing. He was deeply hurt by the outcome and by what he considered King's treachery and he and King were friends, became bitter enemies.

Byng, immediately went back to England, where he accepted the appointment as commissioner of the Metropolitan Police because as he wrote me, "Public service is more important than private ease." Mackenzie King again Prime Minister of Canada visited London that autumn. Under date of Oct. 26 1926 Byng wrote me the following comical foot note to the constitutional crisis:

Dear old Willie

I went to the station to meet Mackenzie King—a beau geste of perfect bon. He fell into my arms and produced a Niagara of gush—"How noble." How thoughtful. He would ever remember it. There was a considerable crowd but most prominent being Viscount Messey and Alice.

Then we had the Canada Club dinner. My speech may be said to have been an unqualified success owing to the enthusiastic applause of W.L.M.K. who cheered every utterance. It ran something like this:

Self: Your Royal Highness
King: Hear Hear
Self: Mr Chairman
King: Très bien; Good good
Self: My Lords
King: Alleboy' **Buona oratoria** (Italian)
Self: And gentlemen
King: **Banzai** (fine clap clap clap and so on until the end.

About this time Byng had been offered his viscountcy and the letter added:

I had to go to see the Garter King of Arms about this new title. He began by asking me what name I wanted to take. I naturally said, "Where's mine, have you this morning." He thought this frivolous and the garter coolly fell off his arm. He then said I might keep my old one. I said that was most satisfactory as I could spell it, having written it often as a boy on the walls of a lavatory and as an old man having signed thousands of orders-in-council. So we left it at that.

To later years Byng maintained his interest in the political situation in Canada. In the late 1920s he wrote me:

I always liked Woodsworth. J. S. Woodsworth, founder of the CCF but he seemed to lack the power of making friends so I cannot look on him as a leader although I am sure he would like to be one. You have one leader, R. B. Bennett. But perhaps he overleaps. We have some here. We have plenty of worthy mediocrities and hosts of ancient stereotypes. But they are merely that.

Meanwhile the Willingdons who succeeded the Byngs in Government House had come to us from India where Lord Willingdon had been governor of Bombay and Madras. They came chill under the spell of India expecting red carpet under their feet and punkah coolies pulling fans overhead. At least Her Excellency did. Her disappointment over not being met by a Government House band — something we didn't have — was significant.

The first task she demanded of the aides was the moving of furniture. Every day we lugged chairs, tables and couches from one room to another sometimes from one floor to another. We resorted to all sorts of tricks to escape the moving business. If I had to confer with His Excellency I crept down a winding stairway, passed through the basement and sneaked up an inconspicuous servants' to the door of his study. Only thus could I avoid the eagle eye of Lady Willingdon.

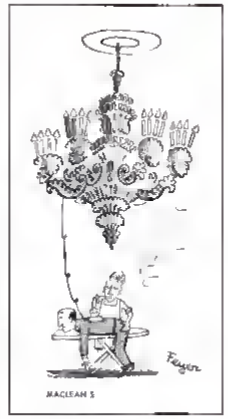
She was tireless and so far as I know never rested during the day. After several hard sets of tennis she would cry, "Will boys now we'll swim." She was unaffected by the knowledge that city drains emptied into the exact spot where she disported herself in the Ottawa River. After swimming she herried to dress for dinner, during which she was gay as a lark. One night Nep Brinckman, one aide, was so quiet that she hooked him with the question:

"What's the matter with you? Can't you carry your load of the social burden this evening?"

"Do forgive me, Your Excellency," he answered in a feeble voice. "I'm really too tired to talk. After eighteen holes of golf with you this morning, being on duty for lunch, taking you on for five stiff sets of tennis, then swimming. . . . Really Your Excellency I am close to collapse." He was twenty-seven. Lady Willingdon must have been fifty-at least-although her age was always kept a mystery and the date of her birth had been carefully removed from all the peerage almanacs.

Lady Willingdon was a daughter of Lord Brassey. Lord Willingdon, a golfer, used to say: "I thought I was marrying a Brassey but I soon learned I had married a driver." He had something there.

Government House had been in a sorry state when the Willingdons arrived in 1926. Those who attended occasional functions there didn't realize it, but most chairs had sagging springs, loose backs and wobbly legs. We tried as much as possible to keep faded chintz in the shadows and periodically we used to dab the threadbare places in the carpet with red ink or whatever color would help conceal their blemishes. Lady Willingdon lost no time buying and repairing in order to achieve the result she considered due a representative of the King. As always, her ideas were large. If she heard the awful howl that went up in parliament when



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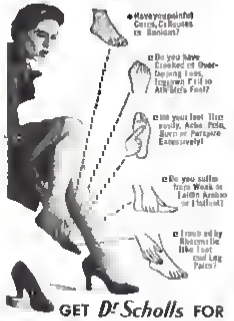
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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads quickly relieve pain, speed healing. Separate Toe Cushions prevent corns from forming. Soothe irritated bunions. Remove pressure on painful toe. Helps prevent Athlete's Foot. Cushions the sole for all-day foot comfort.



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SEVERE BUNIONS

Dr Scholl's Bunion Reducer relieves pain, speeds healing. Separates and cushions painful toe. Helps prevent Athlete's Foot. Cushions the sole for all-day foot comfort. Use with *Dr Scholl's* Zino-pads.



ATHLETE'S FOOT

Dr Scholl's Solvex relieves itching, burning feet and toes due to Athlete's Foot. Its 3 separate solutions in simple 3-step method kill fungi, stop spreading, help heal raw, cracked peeling skin. Use *Dr Scholl's* Solvex at first sign of trouble.



RELIEF PROTECTION

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads relieve pain, prevent blisters and sore toes. Separate Toe Cushions prevent corns from forming. Soothe irritated bunions. Remove pressure on painful toe. Helps prevent Athlete's Foot. Cushions the sole for all-day foot comfort.



Dr Scholl's

FOOT COMFORT REMEDIES APPLIANCES ARCH SUPPORTS AND SHOES

estimates for her expenditures were tabled she showed no sign of it. Government House took on new charm and dignity.

She knew exactly what she wanted and the shortest cute toward getting her wishes. When she saw an object she desired she simply asked for it expecting it as a gift. But on one occasion she was defeated. She invited herself to tea at a private home where she had seen a fretsilver chafing dish.

"Where is that nice old fashioned I saw here the other afternoon?" she asked her hostess.

"It upstairs."

"I like very much to have it."

"Sorry Your Excellency but it's *not for sale*."

Yet Lady Willingdon's thoughtfulness to friends in time of trouble was unfailing. Peter Heenan who had once been a locomotive fireman was Minister of Labor in those days. When his wife was seriously ill Her Excellency went every day to the hospital to inquire about her condition. Mrs. Heenan, simple genuine unaffected was a great favorite of Lady Willingdon's because she did not pretend to be what she was not—a fault some Ottawa people have.

Her Excellency's tact in sending her clothes to gauche women who badly needed to replenish their wardrobes was exquisite. She would delegate one of the aides to deliver a fur coat for example. The instructions were that he must pass it in the door award being seen and reveal the matter absolutely confidential. She herself cut out all labels and marks of identification so that if any of the recipients suspected the identity of the donor there would be no way of proving it. I thought of her as a sort of female Robin Hood taking from the rich and giving to the poor.

Lord Willingdon could go around the Royal Ottawa golf course in the low eighties but Lady Willingdon was better. One day Willingdon said to me:

"Willie I'm going to talk so much and so fast that Her Excellency will be put off her game and will take a back seat for once. He did talk steadily all sorts of nonsense. But she played her usual brilliant game right up to the eighteenth hole. Then he fiery temper blazed forth. She threw down her clubs and cried: "Yee've been uhsair'ely insufferable all day. I won't play another minute with you."

Looking at her unresponsive back Willingdon whispered: "I think we may have a verdict today Willie."

When Queen Marie of Rumania visited Ottawa Lord Willingdon met her at the station. Lady Willingdon waited to meet her and her entourage in the main hallway of Government House. The Queen was preceded up the steps by her dog. Lady Willingdon's dog dashed to ward off its invasion. A terrific fight ensued, both women shouting commands, while spectators looked on helplessly. Then Lady Willingdon plunged in and separated the animals but got bitten herself. She insisted she was all right and after she had been bandaged luncheon proceeded calmly.

At a luncheon in the Royal Ottawa Golf Club she again showed she was equal to an emergency. When the building caught fire she took charge of the staff, directing the salvaging of furniture. She personally rescued her awe photograph which was autographed, framed and hanging on the wall of the lounge.

It was around this time that I found out that a little foolishness could be dangerous. With Government House refurbished the Willingdons instituted conducted tours for guests. Showing a group of visiting English pressmen around I ushered them into a screened verandah and told them with mosquitoes

IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MACLEAN'S



Col. H. Willis-O'Connor, CVO, DSO concludes his entertaining reminiscences of five viceregal families and their famous guests including Winston Churchill who was easily satisfied—with the best

LIFE WITH FIVE GOVERNORS-GENERAL

MACLEAN'S JULY 15 ON SALE JULY 10

in mind that it was the 'meat safe'. A bright lad took me literally and said "Of course. The sort of thing they have in India to protect food from wild animals. That's how he described it in the dispatch he cabled home. When Lady Willingdon saw the report she was not pleased.

Yet when least expected she could laugh. At a big dinner party in Government House the sauces got mixed and that intended for the ice cream was served with the meat. It struck her as funny. "It was pretty bad" she laughed "and I could not eat much of the meat course but I thought Canadians liked their food that way."

She was so dynamic, so energetic, so unusual that I may have created the impression that she overshadowed her husband. This was not so. He moved with quiet and efficient purpose and journeyed all over Canada. It was typical that his speeches always aroused enthusiasm—although he had but four of them. He repeated them time and again but never used the same one twice in the same place. He contended that one city had no way of knowing what he had said in another city.

The Willingdons left us and in 1931 I went to Halifax to meet their successors the Bessboroughs. The early spring day on which they arrived was foul and an inspection of the guard of honor had been scheduled. An ride on such an occasion walks around the guard in front of the governor general. I started off in the regular manner but Bessborough took it at a terrific rip practically stumbling over my aprss. I was afraid he would trip me.

Later I said "Your Excellency your inspection was much too fast. You were supposed to step here and there exchange a word of greeting examine a medal or something of the sort."

Calmly O'Connor" he answered "this is the first time I ever inspected a guard of honor. I had no idea what to do."

The Bessboroughs came to us not only willing to ask advice but to take it. The contrast between their attitude and that of the Willingdons was great but very welcome. The Willingdons were without doubt, the most picturesque and cheerful couple we had at Government House—but they were not the easiest to live with. The Bessboroughs on the other hand were modest, simple and shy and expected no hendu ou red rugs.

Vice Admiral the Honourable Arthur Foley Fortescue Bessborough had a more distinguished background than his genial guests at Government House realized. A lawyer he had exceptional business acumen and was chairman and director of many large concerns. Lady Bessborough was Roberta, only daughter of Baron de Neufflize, governor of the Bank of France. She was the most beautiful woman I ever saw and to her great gift of beauty was added a deep understanding and that rarest of qualities, common sense. She used to receive me at ten o'clock each morning in her bedroom after the good old French custom to discuss the program of the day.

The Bessboroughs learned their official tasks very quickly. His big head of white was normally pinker lighter to the King. He would stew over this for days. In fact he was always stewing for no sooner did he finish one than he began another. I was reluctant to my office one afternoon a cigarette in my mouth my feet on the desk, when the door opened and Bessborough hemmed in. I jumped up and exclaimed:

"Well you have certainly caught me today, sir. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing" he said. "I only that I've just finished my letter to the King and I had to tell somebody!"

The Bessboroughs were fine bridge players. One evening not long after their arrival and before they got the hang of things, they had a dinner party. Afterwards the guests divided into bridgers and nonbridgers. As the night wore on the Bessboroughs showed no sign of tiring of the game. At a vicereigl function nobody may leave before the governor general. The nonbridgers grow more and more restless. At quarter past one United States Minister Henford MacNider, who was not playing approached me and required: "Are we invited for breakfast?" I told this to Bessborough the following day and explained that convention required that the vicereigl couple retire first. From then on bridge stopped at eleven.

An executive of a canning company whose tomato soup was used at Government House arrived one day and asked official patronage of his product. Tommy Lascelles (now Sir Alan secretary to the Queen) and I decided that granting vicereigal patronage would be all right. We gave permission for a small photo of the Bessboroughs to appear with the Bessborough arms and the usual blurb recommending the soup. We soon received a magazine with a full page picture of the Bessboroughs in court regalia a large coat of arms and a small paragraph featuring the soup. We were furious but there wasn't much we could do. Anonymous letters poured in protesting the indignity of linking the King's representative with soup advertising.

We knew Lord Bessborough would be annoyed not only on his own account but because of possible repercussions at Buckingham Palace so we went through every magazine coming into Government House telling the offending page of advertising from those which carried it. We couldn't stop the advertisement reaching Buckingham Palace to which, apparently, several irate Canadians sent copies. An official close to His Majesty wrote me:

What a all this excitement about in Canada? Why shouldn't Bessborough be in the soup? Don't any of you know that the King's hand decorates every chocolate bar in England?"

Bessborough never did find out he had helped sell soup and there was an unsavory aftermath to the incident. When Mrs. Herridge (Mildred Bennett) was ambassador ambassadress to Washington her name appeared in a testimonial for canned milk. Lord Bessborough expressed sharp disapproval. "I think it is shocking" he said one night at dinner. "That Mildred has allowed her name to be used for such a purpose."

By this time the great depression was with us. Richard Bedford Bennett had succeeded Mackenzie King as prime minister in 1930 with high hopes of pulling Canada out of the slump. Hopes which had not materialized. He was working day and night beset by troubles on all sides. While few knew it one man with whom he discussed his problems was Bessborough for because Bessborough was governor-general but because Bessborough was an expert on large affairs of business and finance and wanted to help.

The G G Saved a Life

For the first and only time an exclusive telephone line linked the prime minister's desk with that of the governor-general. One hot day Lord Bessborough entered my office looking unhappy. "I have just heard a word from the Prime Minister for nearly three weeks" he said "and I confess I am very much upset." I knew he was easily disturbed by small matters but hadn't realized until that moment how vulnerable he was. Privately I called up the Prime Minister and told him what the Governor General had said. He was promptly contrite. Next day I found Bessborough all smiles. "I have just had a delightful talk with the Prime Minister" he beamed.

When a minister is condemned the warrant for his execution must be signed by the governor general before the sentence can be carried out. This duty was one Bessborough confided to me, scrawling his name on such a document would leave him nervous and gloomy for days in spite of his legal background. Once because he was not satisfied with the evidence he withheld his signature with the result that a condemned man was granted a new trial at which he was found not guilty.

The Bessboroughs were with us until 1935 with us through the worst economic period in Canada's history. When they toured the country they looked on pinched faces and there were hostile eyes in the crowds. As a good governor-general should Bessborough kept his emotions to himself and walked with the dignity his office demanded and there were hungry eyes who interpreted this as indifference. Yet he was perhaps the most sensitive of all our governors general and certainly the only one who tried to help a prime minister to salvage our country's economy by bringing him the benefit of international financial experience. ★

END OF PART ONE

The Keys to the Car

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

tassels out and that cost twenty five dollars.

Linde a married now.

They had thought they had to have that Model T to get the children out from the city to where there was fresh air once a week and to where there were cows and trees to look at and be where there were distances and horizons that are good for making children dream dreams.

They knew their daughters were going to be wives of dukes and tycoons and Clyde was going to be premier of all Canada and how could a child become a duke or a tycoon or a premier if he never saw horizons on a road town of Action or Nepanee.

Clyde was the baby who was killed in a tank in Italy.

You see they were still living in the two rooms above the cobblers shop where the third baby was born and in Model T was a car that could be left standing in a back alley without the expense of a garage. The upholstery was patchwork quilt.

Then her dreams that when they came in a license plate that had a 666 in it a number they would sleep and have a big celebration. maybe feel a whole chocolate bar each or maybe even sleep all the next hot-dog stand and buy five chocolate-and-a bars for each of them including the baby that was still on the bottle. And then Mercy would remark that by the time they came to 666 the baby on the bottle would be married and probably have a car of her own one that didn't rattle and that was not mended with haywire.

And she was right. That baby worked for National Research after she graduated and now has a car and a house too and in the house there is a kitchen that is all chrome and it has electric buttons, it is awfully nice. It is a big house on ravenue that is restricted and it has two spare bedrooms and a maid's room but her father somehow finds family all at ease in his walks on the polished floors.

If three brides are petulant all at once (and they say that an some days babies do get petulant in a two room apartment) and if the lady in the apartment on the other side of the thin wall complains that the children make too much noise and if it sometimes necessary to ask the landlord if two or four dollars of the rent can be held over until next payday it seems very necessary to have a Model T or a Model A to ride toward Markham on a Sunday afternoon or to when there are horizons or at least it seemed necessary to Mary and to John who somehow had started off on the wrong foot. They were very unpractical people.

Their prime mistake was that she had married a man whom her parents didn't think was much good and he had married a girl whose parents-in-law didn't think she was any good. Their prime difficulty was that they liked each other.

She kept her job for two years at the five-and ten so he could continue to study to be an architect. His college course came by mail. He worked in a warehouse in the daytime and sometimes had a chance for extra pay for overtime in the evenings. In the night he studied to be an architect.

About the time the first baby was born a doctor told him to give up either the college by mail by night or the warehouse job by day. He gave both up for five weeks.

That was an expensive baby too—

(Advertisement)

"Our claperes want beere"

If you heard that would you go to a gunsmith *Dundee Shabnuss Terphs* in *The Cumberland Poisoner*? Bell ringers all over England know them, for they are the names given to the intricate rituals that make up "Change ringing". The men who ring the changes have learned their art from their fathers who in turn learnt it from *their* sires and so on, back into the mists of bygone days.

Joyce Warren in *The New Yorker* tells of the team of bell ringers of the fifteenth century Norman church in Derbyshire and of the unusual bells they rang. She tells how the accomplishment of sound like a pleasant one, for as the bells expose change bands the ringer thus exhausted takes up the hallowed custom, a ring of ale from the pot-mans table and sits with the others, awaiting his turn again on a bench in the belfry.

Bell ringing and good ale go traditionally together. "*Bucks it ain't you born. Our claperes want beere*" is the ringing on an old bell in Warwickshire. And it is appropriate that they should be associated. For the brewing of ale is an ancient art but calling for skill, team work and timing to produce a harmonious result.

In Canada the technique that has gone into every bottle of Molson's Ale for example has been handed down from father to son since 1786. And though Time has rung the changes in popular tastes. The preference for Molson's has never sounded so strong as it does today.



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three doctors and some transfusions and a special nurse for three nights and two days. But the baby was quite well.

It is difficult to borrow three hundred dollars when you are ill. His mother said that Mary was a poor housekeeper and her mother said John should have thought of those things before he got married.

WHEN THEY were both quite well again they went down to a rooming and joined or a small place where they had often joined in other days just to look at the moon and John had said that it was probably a good thing that he had given up his college by mail course. But now it would be easier to pay the rent for he could take an extra job after five o'clock and make deliveries for a transport company through the night. It would be easier to pay the rent even though Lactogen cost $2.85 for the economy size tin.

It was a good thing he gave up his college by mail.

The time Mary didn't regret by the middle of September. She got her first chance up to Ingamar and agreed with him while Ingamar was down over his freckles. She wasn't a pretty girl. Besides freckles she had red hair. But she was in a magazine story so she didn't need to be pretty.

That night by the mail boat there were light thumbs over the moon and the regiment for her team. She said:

"Don't squeeze my hand so tight with your great big ugly horny hand" and he squeezed it tighter.

It really was a good thing that John gave up the college by mail course for they were able to buy the car the Model T in fourteen payments. It gave the children rosy cheeks and fat bottoms so that they did exceptionally well in their spellings and ruthmetics and things at York Street School. The School Board gave them a drink of milk at noon.

Perhaps the time when the moon was most clouded of all was during the polio scare. It was then that John sold his life insurance policy and the cash surrender value was $94.65.

Mary said: "Who cares! I don't need to be rich after you're dead for I will immediately marry a dashing young cavalry captain on a horse."

The polio scare passed, though one of the twins' s man now still has a slight limp but his brother made the football team.

BACK SOMETIME in history there was a Depression. Period and in those days clouds that were quite dark sometimes obscured the moon if you leaned on a mail fence and you just left your Model A rusting in the back alley.

It was in that period when Mary's mother said: "Well if he can't find anything at all to do I suppose you'll have to come and live with us but I don't know how your father will even stand the hideous noise of his age."

In that period too Mary had said: "Let's buy just one gallon of gas and drive down a road until we see a pair of kids holding hands and we'll give the two in them."

They might have sold the car except by that time the market price was about four dollars and anybody who wanted it four dollar car hadn't four dollars.

In that period of history Mary's hair got less red and Jean-Marie started college and John smiled just a little less readily than in the days when they used to lean on a rail fence and look at the moon.

Of a Sunday afternoon as he and Mary sat on the steps of the cobbler's shop they still watched license plates of cars that passed for they were up to 327 which is a long way above the happy final 1 and 2 and 3 or even the two-digit numbers of the days when they first went to the Model T toward Lindsay and Markham, or just on the Kingston Road if it was a day when there wasn't much gas.

Often it would be weeks and weeks before they or little Joe the next door neighbour Jeanette who was majoring in mathematics used the law of probabilities and computed her number would be registered and nine before conservation numbers would bring them to a 666. Dozens of times they saw that combination of three sixes but it was not according to Hoyle to count it until they had first seen 1664 and then a 665 and they were early at 327.

On the hot sultry Sunday afternoon when they saw 332 and then almost immediately saw a plate with 333, John walked four blocks to a drugstore that was open and bought a chocolate bar. It was Mary's turn to drink it and keep the biggest half. She remarked as she pressed his horny hand: "Now our bank balance is your pocket is mighty nine cents, so have you been deceiving me again?"

It was a good number and a good chocolate bar for that very night the kindly cabbies told the twins they would make themselves a sleeping bunk in the work room among the bits of scrap linoleum and the very next day the garage man told John to move and drive their trunk. The moon broke through the clouds just a little.

The temporary job became permanent and by the time the twins were old enough to go out and play baseball on the park lots John and Mary built a house in the suburbs with a mortgage for a foundation and the good will of a construction neighbour for a mortgage.

They built it with a room where one could lie and look at stars and they made a room where children and noise from children could make a noise on rainy days with nobody on the other side of a thin wall. There was a garden with a penny root.

Late at midnight when Mary was sipping a second cup of coffee from a thermos and John was tying on his hash under the sink with a half cup of coffee on the floor beside him, his wrench slipped on the iron pipe so that he skinned his knuckles and was restricted to use a rude word. Mary misquoted from Kipling: "After ten months a builder till him I see he's known ... what it's like to skin a knuckle."

When the front door was hung so at last there was no inside distinct from the outside—Mary said "Imagine! We have built a house where no house was!"

Jeanette got married after she graduated and went to live in a restricted district on the hill. The church had a bank of flowers and her mother looked very nice in a navy voile with red piping and some white at her throat. On the groom's side of the chapel there were forty-nine invited guests and on the bride's side there were twenty-six and in the seats that were not marked with white flowers there must have been sixty or seventy folks who just came to look. It was a very nice wedding.

The other children grew and passed examinations.

JOHN needed a car in his work so in his night a V8 that was only four years old and he prospered. The new car had scarcely a rattle in it but for they went on a road toward Guelph the brick seat seemed emptier than the bank seat at the Model A had been.

He and she kept up their silly game of writing for next consecutive numbers and came they met and went well on their way to come to 666 and the big celebration but Mary stopped when they were at 478. That number was on an Ohio car. A Buick in some cedars near Rockwood and its plate was 8A4782.

John had a fanciful idea that the death of the kid in a tank in Italy had something to do with her stopping but that was unlikely for the doctors said it was cancer. John and the nurse sat with her in the night. She waved frequently and shut her eyes tight and beads of perspiration were on her forehead at the line of her hair which was stringy now and grey and disheveled from tossing when she wakened.

She looked at John. He thinks she smiled but the nurse says that couldn't be and she said: "Don't squeeze my hand too tight with your big ugly horny hand." He tried to smile at her and he squeezed his hand tighter and held it all night in rather until noon morning.

Jean-Marie came next day and Linda came and the twins came from college. After they went back to their examinations the house that had been builded with no house had been before seemed filled with echoes.

John took his new car and went and leaned on a rail fence. There was no moon ... not any trace of any moon.

He prospered. But even when he turned in his Ford for the 1946 model the bank sent seemed unfamiliarly empty. He often put sample cases that he didn't need and a carton or two on that seat just to take away the emptiness. He carried a couple of chocolate bars in the glove compartment with the Kleenex and the spare tire gloves.

When the twins graduated but June just went to work for International Nickel at an excellent salary and one went to Montreal to Canadian Aluminum. For a graduation gift John gave them each a watch. He had a passing notion of having them engraved. From Mother and Dad" but such things aren't done. Mary had been dead four years.

The day after the graduation he paid the last four hundred dollars of the mortgage. It was much easier than paying ten dollars a month on a Model T that was to be used as a baby carriage ... much easier by far but it wasn't as much fun.

The city had pushed itself into the suburbs and the land where the builder had hustled had tripled in value. An electric icebox factory wanted to buy it. They offered a fabulous price.

Jeanette and Linda wanted him to sell it for he would never get such a good offer again. Jeanette said he ought not to live there alone for there was plenty of room at her house or maybe at Linda's he would be nearer his work downtown. Linda said she wished very much that he would come and live at her house, or maybe at Jeanette's she would like it better for the hill district would be more like out in the country. The twin in Sudbury and the twin in Montreal had not established homes yet. He could not go to them.

But he did not dare to sell it. The tabulator office of the icebox company in had a housekeeper and he had given the empty echoing rooms over to some kids who were going to school and they paid a nominal amount to rather about three fourths of the packages per week. He himself slept in the room where you could see on the bed and see stars.

His company pensioned him off with a great deal his pension amounted to two thirds of his current salary. In three more years the government would give him forty dollars every month for old age because he was retired who had builded a house where no house had been. He had money to waste and must never be in a hurry happy man.

IT WAS late September with a mist on the hills when he stopped his 1950 Ford at Bennviller and he looked across a millpond to some maple trees that were so beautiful they hurt. He noticed at the empty pipe a long, long time and just looked.

Presently a car came slowly down the long hill and he idly noticed its number was 4775. That wasn't the 643 he needed but it had a double digit in it.

The first time there had been a two digit No. 11 they had bought a chocolate bar at Minnie's in a Model T. When they saw a 99 they had to buy a bar at Primrose Corners and for a 222 they had eaten a piece of pie at a bus station in Warren. One number with a double digit had passed when he was sitting at a hospital window waiting for a child to be born. He had turned to tell Mary that it passed and she had groaned.

He wasn't thinking of the number of the next car nor thinking of anything in particular though the game needed 643.

This car came slowly down the long hill and over the bridge and stopped so that its people could look at the bank of maple trees that were so beautiful they hurt. Some children from Quebec got out and chattered very pretty children with summer dresses.

John watched them in his reverie and his eye wandered to their car again. The number had stared in his face not thirty feet away was 666!

He said aloud to the trees, "Hell Mary I'm going to cheat!"

He broke the celebration candy bar that was in the glove compartment and he measured the pieces against each other and kept the biggest half. He gave the other to a surprised moppet who was playing in some sand and told her it was 666.

She stared.

John turned from the winding rural road onto Highway 8 and after a few miles turned onto Nr. 21 and toward supper time he turned onto a gravelled road that had no direction sign nor number. The road was narrow and it had dusty goldenrod and bracken that had turned brown.

He was going no place.

IT SEEMS there was some fellow who had worked all summer shovelling coal or like freighter and he had four hundred and eighty dollars in his pocket ... thirty dollars more than enough to pay his fees all in our lump sum and get the tax-dollar discount.

He was swarthy from wind and sun of Lake Huron and Margaret noticed that his muscles were like iron. She was very proud.

He had left his boat at Sarnia and had come to see her on a vacation of one day for tomorrow he was due to enroll again at Western U.

It was to have been a happy day a full fourteen hours long but somehow as it came near bus time the sun seemed to be near setting and the red and gold leaves were very still.

They had reached for a limb to pick a beechnut and all at once his arms were about his neck and she was crying softly. He stroked her hair and talked again for the hundredth time of how it would be at least three more years if he managed to make it all till and after that there would be one or even two years of loitering with no pay at all and though this was fortunately there would be no payments to make on the diamond microscope there would soon be an ophthalmoscope and a dozen things like that that you can't easily pick up secondhand.

"It's not so bad for me, kid, but it isn't fair to make you wait."

She was saying: "But Don I could keep on working and we could put off having a baby for five or six years. It always seems somehow as if we are always going away."

They were ashamed when they were caught embracing so intimately and they pretended to be reaching a limb for the beechnuts.

The car stopped and a gentleman in a business suit got out and said politely: "Excuse me sir—but I wish to give you this car, its farm price should be fifteen fifty."

Margaret grasped Don's arm in fright for the man was surely crazy and the dozen of dumb medical students stood with mouth open like a village idiot as the stranger walked away. He looked blankly from the man to the girl to the car and to the boys and the certificate wallet that had somehow got into his hand. He finally tried to speak but it came out just a weak shutter and the stranger did not turn around.

John did not look back. He had had the big celebration even though he had chested ... Forty an sixty yards down the road he held up his thumb. A truck driven with a load of junk stopped and asked heartily: "Goin' far old man?" ★

to the photographer

If you would take my portrait see
It does not look like much like me
One that flatterer will be fine
Diffused of light and soft of line
All I ask is that it be
A reasonable facsimile...
Realism I won't buy...
I have a mirror haven't I?

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You may not agree with the Catholic belief in miracles

Perhaps you don't believe in miracles at all ... and especially not in miracles attributed to the prayer of the Blessed Virgin

But if God does look with special favor upon Mary ... and does wondrous things at her request ... is it not of vast importance to you to find out? Is it not well worth the few minutes required to examine the evidence?

What for example did Gods angel mean when he said

Hail full of grace the Lord is with thee blessed art thou amongst women ?

Was she to be "full of grace" only temporarily—and blessed amongst women only during her life on earth?

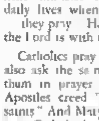
This is not reasonable in view of Mary's unique role as the earthly mother of the Son of God Nor can we discard and forget Mary if we believe Holy Scripture, for there we find Mary's words (Luke 1 48) henceforth all generations shall call me blessed" Where excepting among Catholics does anyone honor Mary as did God Himself?

But," you may insist, "show me a miracle! And prove that the Blessed Virgin had anything to do with it"

We might, of course recall that Christ's mother appeared to Bernadette at Lourdes in France and that scientifically authenticated cures have been occurring there ever since Or we might cite similar apparitions to the three children at Fatima, Portugal and the subsequent awesome spectacle of the sun spinning and dancing on its axis and then seeming to plunge toward the earth a spectacle witnessed by 70,000 persons And we could mention Mary's prophecies concerning the conditions under which Russia would be converted

But Catholics don't require earth shaking supernatural demonstrations to attest Mary's love nor to prove her influence at the throne of God It is the little miracles" that take place in their daily lives when in faith and trust they pray Hail Mary, full of grace the Lord is with thee

Catholics pray for one another They also ask the saints in Heaven to join them in prayer I believe says the Apostles creed "in the communion of saints" And Mary the Mother of Jesus, is in Catholic hearts the greatest of the saints So we ask her to intercede for us with God and God has often performed miracles in answer to her prayer



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Who Will Succeed Sir Winston?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

campaigning in the sensational election of 1923 which threw out the Conservatives and put into power the first Labour government in the history of Britain The girl he married was Beatrice Beckett of the rich Yorkshire family of bankers and newspaper proprietors She was beautiful with fine features dark hair and the serene brow of a poetess. The fact that she took little interest in poetry does not matter They were a handsome and happy pair

But here the parallel stops for two young men take a slight divergence Eden did not marry until the mature age of twenty-seven whereas Butler rushed into it at twenty four when he met and fell in love with Sydney Courtauld of Cambridge The Courtaulds are of course a very rich family As pioneer artificial silk manufacturers their kingdom spread across the world and they were paid much gold in tribute

It is the way of people to raise their eyebrows when a young man marries the daughter of a millionaire and to assume that he has been lured to the altar by the jewels in the safe rather than the sparkle in her eyes I would not deny that heiress-hunting is a popular hobby In fact the English aristocracy was largely nurtured in the Edwardian era by the love matches between the American dollar and the English title But to say that no man marries a rich girl for herself is an untrue Certainly the youthful Richard Austen Butler, not long out of his cap and gown had no embarrassing desire to barge into society and live on a grand scale He wanted to read and walk in the country lanes.

The End of a Love Story

Before we leave the dramatic scene, and return to the parliamentary story we must note that the Edens had two sons. The elder boy Simon who did his air force training in Canada and won many friends there was killed in Burma I saw Anthony a few hours after he had received the news and his eyes were like those of a man who had been so hurt that he could shed no tears.

But instead of drawing him and his wife closer together the tragedy seemed to break the last link One would have thought that the remaining son a most attractive and intelligent boy might have kept their home intact. But it was not to be. The divorce was still a long way off but the love story had come to an end

The Butlers had three sons and a daughter and because they were no more than children has seen know nothing of the Hitler War except such contributions to their knowledge as the visiting Luftwaffe made Their father was too young to fight in 1914 and they were too young in 1939 In contrast and by the mere caprice of birth Anthony Eden was at front line infantry lieutenant when the war ought to end and in 1941 his eighteen year old son went to his death to battle over Burma

Now we must do a flashback to Westminster Eden had been a backbencher for three years when Foreign Secretary Sir Austen Chamberlain appointed him as his parliamentary private secretary—an unpaid appointment not carrying ministerial rank but constituting an important advance toward high places The ensuing period has been so often described that we need not go over it again Suffice it to say that Eden was the dazzling Minister of League of Nations Affairs and well around the world as the best looking and best dressed peddler of foreign policy ever seen on any stage It was inevitable that when there was a vacancy he would become foreign secretary

What about Butler? No one including himself noticed what he wore He had a pensive, rather sad face except when he smiled—and then it was difficult not to smile with him He too was given office as Under Secretary of State of the India Office probably because he knew a good deal about that vast subcontinent. Other appointments followed. but his first great chance came in 1938 when Anthony Eden resigned as foreign secretary in protest against Chamberlain's policy of appeasement

Chamberlain immediately appointed Lord Halifax to the Foreign Office which meant that an under-secretary would have to be found who would take the heading in the Commons for of course Halifax could only speak in the Upper Chamber The choice fell on Butler After all Rab was clear headed unspectacular and did not suffer from temperament or glamour Day after day we hurled questions at him for the growing crisis transcended normal party discipline What was his answer to Mussolini's lust and Hitler's theft And what was he going to do about France firing on a British ship? Utterly unperturbable he used the jargon of politics and kept repeating

"My noble friend (Halifax) has most lucidly explained inquiries. My noble friend has sent a strongly worded protest My noble friend " One would have thought that Butler had no more to do with forming foreign policy than the clerk at Mr Speaker's table

He was in every way the perfect junior minister and quite frankly few of us thought that he would ever be more than a reasonably good head of a department in an off year Yet those who knew him intimately realized that he had refused as a matter of one victim to follow Eden into what could only be a temporary exile Butler sincerely believed that Chamberlain's policy of appeasement was right When war came and Churchill took over the government after Chamberlain resigned in 1940 Butler was not given a post in the Government He returned quietly to the back benches while Eden was appointed to high place in the cabinet

But in 1941 when the world was in flames and the vultures were darkening the British skies Butler was made Minister of Education! While the rest of us concentrated on the war Rab the whole war and nothing but the war he wrestled with the problem of educating the young This curious thing at this which reputations were soaring and crashing in the Homeric struggle for national survival he went on with his job and did it so well that he was described by Churchill as the greatest minister of education Britain ever had Rab planned for the future as if victory were certain By improved the conditions of teachers and inspired them with his encouragement He brought in the Butler Educational Act which advanced British education by a decade

Then when the war was over the electorate threw us out "Now I shall be able to read and go for long walks" Rab said in his one day He probably believed like Aneurin Bevan that the country was in for a long term of socialism

The Conservative Party was smashed and demoralized To many Tories Churchill was a man whose day had ended with the death of Hitler and the surrender of Germany There was almost no party organization and there was no peacetime policy What was worse we who had survived the electorate holocaust found that most of our friends had gone and a new generation had come to our benches However Lord Woolton an ex Liberal became chairman of the Conservative Party and Butler undertook to organize what is called The Conservative Central Office Some day we would have to fight another election and we must prepare even though the battle was far off

Slowly skilfully, Butler gathered about him young unknown men who were giving thought to the economic future He paid them small wages but inspired them with the cool perfection of his mind Between them they produced an industrial charter that startled the nation The right wing Tories were shocked but trade union leaders began to realize that the Tories were thinking constructively and realistically It was Butler assuming policy to which we fought the 1950 election and shattered the Labour majority although not defeating them. More new men appeared on our benches in parliament serious but vigorous young fellows who spoke at once like veterans of debate Most of them were Butler's and his office cadets Then came the 1952 election and we were back to power though with a small majority

Eden unwisely I think went back to the Foreign Office We had hoped that he would become Minister of Labour and Leader of the House under Churchill, but the lure of the painted lassey of foreign affairs was too much for him He knew the difficulties but he believed that he could bring peace to the world Butler by that time is an impregnable position went to the very heart of things He became Chancellor of the Exchequer responsible for the financial and economic survival of the nation His was the task of reconstructing the life of the nation after seven years of socialism

When he rose in his place last year to introduce his first budget he showed no signs of nervousness Like the rest of his ministerial colleagues he had spent seven years in the political wilderness, but he had not idled the years away There was still that attractive shy smile and the calm even voice but no longer did he look like a junior minister unsure of himself The socialists studied him with puzzled eyes Obviously they were not going to find him easy to hit

It was a hard budget but it was constructive It was a realistic budget unmarked by sentimentalism or partisanship Above everything it expressed the definite economic faith which he had first preached in his industrial charter When he finished his long speech the Tories gave him a tremendous ovation which lasted for three full minutes.

Churchill a voice rang out above the din "This is Tory democracy!" Anthony Eden thumped Butler on the shoulder It was a conquering triumph But the chancellor had brought in one had measure the reintroduction of the excess-profits tax In war such a tax is inevitable although necessarily unfair but there are obvious reasons in war to restrict profits. In peacetime however such a tax penalizes the thrifty and bonuses the profligates

Within a few hours the Financial Times opened a vitriolic campaign against Butler The daily Times was not vitriolic but it was harsh Even the popular newspapers which had acclaimed him began to point out his errors. As for the left wing newspapers they screamed foul by raising the bank rate he had discouraged industry in order to put millions of pounds into the pockets of his friends the bankers

Day after day and night after night in the long Finance Act debate Butler was fired at from behind as well as in front In fact a lot of us began to wonder what we had cheered about on budget day But his critics made no apparent impression on him He was never confused in his replies, never obscure and certainly he was not apologetic He had grown astonishingly in parliamentary stature In the end his fate would depend on the result of his financial measures in the year ahead but his parliamentary performance was faultless.

But how about Anthony Eden Foreign Secretary of Great Britain and Deputy Prime Minister! He was being strung with nettles in the Persian Garden Old Man Mossadegh was no more impressed by Eden than he had



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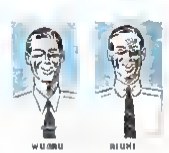
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Clothes Talk

By Ralph Edwards Mens Wear ed Canada

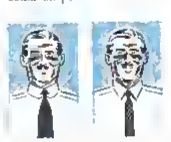
HOW TO CHOOSE YOUR RIGHT COLLAR STYLE

The component that a man looks well in his clothes may be just as readily applied to someone who spends much less money than to the man whose wardrobe is expensive



The secret of good appearance is a matter of attention to detail as much as it is to an extensive wardrobe. Too often busy men buy clothes on the run Being too busy to pay attention to what you buy is a poor excuse for buying a wrong collar style simply because you haven't bothered to find out what is right for you

Here are some basic rules that can be applied in selecting shirts and ties If you are *tall with a long neck and thin face* don't wear a *standard type low cut collar* Ask the *salesman to show you a collar* that is cut higher in the front with wider points What you need is more collar to compensate for the length of your face and neck. *Don't wear a long pointed collar* either. You can wear stripes because collar stripes run around the collar though if you have a thick neck it's better to keep to plain materials



Don't ever knot your tie in a long double knot, or puff it up with it the slide worn close to the knot Either in both tend to accentuate a longer neck and thin face

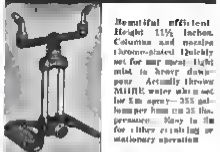
Don't wear a round pointed collar if your face is round and fat Don't wear a Windsor knot in your tie either because it's a thick short, fat knot and tends to accentuate your already too round look A neat medium collar style is best and a single knot in a medium tie narrow tie

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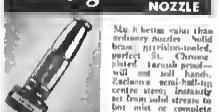
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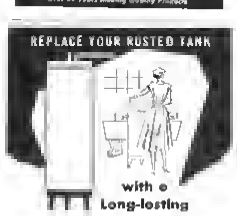


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been by Herbert Morrison Egypt was in eruption as well British soldiers were being attacked Foreign was being unpleasant (not difficult for him) and of course the Russians were behaving like Russians. The power and the glory had passed to Armaments and Edgar went there at regular intervals like a commercial traveler reporting to the sales manager

When the great Lord Palmerston set foot in Europe the whole continent trembled The patriots said that when Eden set foot on the continent only the British trembled Eden worked without respite flying to Paris like a commuter flying to New York or Berlin flying to Lisbon or Cairo Wherever Eden looked there were situations in which he had no chance to attain a triumph but only to mitigate disaster In parliament he was attacked for using the clichés of official jargon But what else could he do? He could not disclose confidential conversations or even vent his feelings in public

Then at long last he divorced his wife on grounds of desertion He had tried hard to avoid the breakup of his marriage but lost failed Some of the newspapers openly discussed the attitude of the church and the palace toward a divorced minister of state In due course came the news that Idlee was going to be married again to the niece of Winston Churchill It was only a registry office wedding but the Churchills turned out in force and the London crowd cheered

'Nothing But Clichés

Then Eden went back to his life of toil and trouble Nagub had seized power in Egypt Nagub the Incarruptible Nagub the Dictator Nagub the Reformer Eden went to Cairo where the new dictator asked him to take the British troops away from the Canal Zone at once and to withdraw from the Sudan After days and nights of argument they came to an understanding that the British would withdraw from the Canal Zone under certain conditions when the Sudan had decided whether it would join the British Commonwealth ally itself to Egypt or declare complete independence

What else could Eden have done? It cannot give the answer But the Tory imperialists were disturbed and angry Eden was summoned to a meeting of the backbenchers and only partially allayed their anxieties He looked tired and pale but did not ask pity Actually he was suffering constantly from the illness that necessitated a serious operation a month later He should have had the operation a year ago but his task was so heavy that he could not hand his duties to someone else But the House of Commons which can be so generous can also be cruel One day Eden returned from America where he had held most delicate and difficult conversations with the new administration and after question time he made a statement to the House which was couched in the routine departmental language of the civil service determined to reveal nothing When he sat down the socialists went for him like hounds after a weary stag

The attack culminated in a roomful about from a socialist "Clichés! Nothing but clichés!" It was cruel but it was true

His task has been an overwhelming one the task of maintaining influence without power No longer could we send a gunboat to troubled waters and terrify the natives Yet he remained firm friendly and patient It peace seems to the world that mankind will have cause to be grateful to the patience and the clean heart of Anthony Eden

Meantime Rab Butler was ready with his second budget which he first disclosed to the Queen at Windsor Castle As a man of letters (he is president of the Royal Society of Literature) he was both entertained and impressed by the serious interest which the young Queen showed in his financial plans. He told me that she really did grasp the significance of the whole plan and made some shrewd and unusual observations.

So to the packed House of Commons where he coolly and skilfully revealed the details of a real Tory Budget. Neither we nor the socialists could believe our ears. There would be no new taxes! Suspence would be taken off the income tax! Purchase tax would be slashed! So he went on with what he called "my incentive budget" But at once the jury rose from the socialist benches "You are giving to the rich and giving nothing to the poor"

With that bland deceptive smile which never indicates what is coming he retorted "I am not giving anybody anything The Chancellor has no money his task is to raise the money necessary to meet the nation's obligations What I am doing is to take a little less this year from the taxpayer but I am giving him nothing"

Then he revealed the philosophy behind the budget Man being what he is works harder if he is rewarded for it If the men on the left worked harder the nation's economy would be strengthened and it would then become possible to increase old age pensions and to help the unfortunates We gave him another ovation and the capitalist press hailed him next day as the man who most ultimately lead the Conservative Party when Sir Winston Churchill decided to retire

At the end of the budget week Butler went to his country place and wandered about his splendid library savoring the sobering wisdom of the ages A friend said to him "You will be the next prime minister of Britain." With complete simplicity and sincerity he answered "When Churchill retires I hope to serve to Anthony Eden's government"

There we end this story of the two young men from Cambridge and Oxford. I doubt if Eden will be able to resume his Foreign Office duties until August, by which time parliament will have risen from the long summer recess. That means a dangerously long absence from parliament

But the heart of the nation is sad for him now and when he reappears in parliament that same heart will be glad for him Sometimes the good that men do beam fruit in due season. It is August we have the star of peace in the sky instead of the black night of threatened war then Eden will be acclaimed for the part he has played for his chivalry his patience and his dignity Perhaps we are fortunate that at such a time in the affairs of men we have two potential leaders of such calibre as Anthony Eden and Rab Butler ★



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How to Sell a House

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

Mr Allan I've given this my considered opinion.

What's your plan? I said baring my teeth at myself in the hall mirror

"Drop it" he said

"Drop it!" I yelped Whaddaya mean drop it! We've got him on six carbon copies three witnesses the Small Loans Act, the short form lease and a subequity

Allan the lawyer kept saying wearily, drop it

He was right of course It would have meant two years just to get the case into the courts let alone get it out. It would have been fun only if I'd been a millionaire who enjoyed long legal chess games.

You can see how silly it is, anyway trying to make somebody buy something All he needs to say is that he doesn't want it. He can tell you that he hasn't any money and go to Bermuda which is where you thought you'd be

And take it from me the law won't have anything to do with anything silly when it comes to a showdown The law will have very little to do with anything when it comes to a showdown If there's anything a lawyer hates it's getting tangled up with the law

In the meantime although the buyer was tentatively tied to my house so was I In other words I couldn't sell it to someone else because the fat man could still change his mind, start payment on the cheque and I would suddenly be in the position of trying to sell my house to one person after I had a deposit and an offer to purchase from another The capitalist was going to his lawyer and getting the customer's permission to sell my own house to somebody else I thought for a while he wasn't going to let me. If you think that's revenge, you can have it

You're going to find yourself dealing with real estate men, too Maybe you'll strike a good one But there's also a chance that you'll strike a few like one I got He advertised himself as Honest John McGreggor and ran billboards all over town showing a man ten feet high in kilts who was supposed to be his great great grandfather One of McGreggor's men runs up to the house, went around making notes and finally said mysteriously, Look, Mr Allen there's one little thing that I'd like to get straight right now Do you mind how we sell your house?

Like how do you mean? I said

He winked Well McGreggor is an old-time circus man and when he starts hosting those publicity drums, whuh!—he thunders things move He's just that kind of a man and he's unorthodox I like to get an okay from the client first

I thought happily of blimps being moored in my chimney or maybe Miss Canada sitting on my doorstep trying on nylons I lowered my voice and said "Allan all we both want to sell the house, don't we?"

Then McGregor moved behind the iron curtain. My wife and I sat waiting for the bumps. I'd read somewhere a few tips on selling a house One was to leave all the lights on to make it cheery and the other was to keep it neat and polished By the end of a month this only taller we'd had was Mrs Mop My hand was sunburned from the glare of the lamps and we'd rubbed the furniture so often we almost had holes in the end tables. Finally I phoned McGreggor

"This is Allen," I said

"Who?"

Allan

"You want to buy a house or something?"

"Look I'm selling a house"

"Sorry Nobody wants them You haven't got a second-hand vacuum cleaner, have you?"

For the—! McGreggor *we're selling a house for my Allen* my name is. Six room bungalow with a corner window."

"Oh THAT Mr Allen he began to talk to me like an announcer at a football game We're doing all we can Mr Allen, We're pushing it We're shoving it I'm advertising it extensively I have six salesmen banging away at it Been thinking up a little promotion scheme Your cash payment is a bit high but I think we can move it"

It turned out his wild promotion scheme was a sign in his window that had had his son bitter It read "Don't Miss This Jim Dandy Bargain" but somebody had shoved a rubber plant in front of it

I took my house away from Honest John and gave it to a real estate man named Farnjhy who got another offer to purchase for me This time it was a sad customer with brown sideburns gold rimmed glasses and a built in blush which gave him a permanent expression of having been insulted I found out later he was a friend of Farnjhy's

Instead of kicking my fiasco he kept asking about my neighbors. My neighbor to the south had for three years, peered haughtily at me out of his living room window and kept his car parked in a mutual drive, so that I had to please him every time I wanted to get mine in or out My neighbor on the west was a middle-aged man with a small face and a massive bottom who always wore a black homburg and stood motionlessly in his garden for hours hands clasped behind his back smoking a cigar in the dead centre of his mouth I've seen him stand that way beside a pile of leaves all one week end I didn't know what kind of a man he actually was when he moved As a result whenever my customers asked me about my neighbors I bore down on the one on



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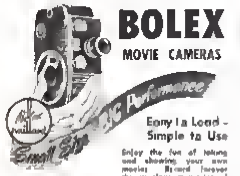
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The urban night watchman, soft-voiced night watchman for the CNR with tragic brown eyes, is courtly manner and a mania for making pickles. The first words he ever spoke to me were "Do you like pickles?" He told me with quiet confidence that he was going to make pickles, man out of rain, and that he'd made pickle men out of lots of men who didn't like pickles. He chuckled softly, uttered cases of indigestion he had caused. He had pickled down his cellar pickled tomatoes, German pickled dill pickles, sweet pickles, sour pickles and great stacks of sauerkraut.

I told my custom-made he was one of the best neighbors I'd ever had, which was the truth, and added that he was a fine Christian man, who slept all day. He would have been sleeping, for it was a load of coal he'd ordered, hadn't arrived just as my customer was smoothing around my back yard, sniffing nervously, winking one eye and asking if my neighbors were all right.

It was during the days of wartime shortages and the coalman pointed out to my neighbor that there was a law that the coal was supposed to be delivered in the nearest window. I heard my neighbor saying: "Will I know you fellas were getting paid and pendin' that" he chanced his throat gently — "you wouldn't chimp a load of coal on top of a mess o' pickles would you!"

The neighbor looked at him as if he was trying to sabotage the war effort. He said rules were made for everybody and he wasn't paid to worry about pickles. It was the only time I ever heard my neighbor lose his temper. He swore for what seemed to me, and I suppose, to my customer, about five minutes, and ended up by kicking an empty garbage pail right out into the street.

The next I heard from my nextdoor was from his lawyer who said he'd found and rhymed his mind. I got my kids to cycle and peddled down to his place of office. It was a couple of minutes before I realized that a man up in ladder painting the outside of the home office building, was Pinpinay himself, who ignored me. All he'd say was, "I'm busy. See my lawyer." If a man's up a ladder and won't come down there's very little you can do about it, but it was sometimes hard to explain to lawyers during the following weeks.

Why didn't you talk to the real estate man?" they'd say.

Couldn't get him down off the ladder, I'd explain.

"I don't quite understand. Off a *ladder?* What has that to do with a real-estate man?"

"I don't know what it has to do with a real-estate man. I'd say I'm just telling you he was up a ladder and wouldn't come down."

Why didn't you get another builder" they'd say humouring me.

I decided I didn't want to sell my house. I took it out of Pinpinay's hands and set back to enjoy life again when I got six calls from real estate men and four newspapers pleading with me to sell my house. Finally I couldn't resist my hunger and said okay, when they all told me my down payment was too high and said they'd do their best.

A month later in desperation I knocked off one thousand dollars and two weeks later sold it to a man from Montreal who looked at me sideways and said roundly that he guessed everybody had to get used to paying twice what everything was worth.

All of which will give you a rough idea of what I mean when I say if you like your house fairly well and it keeps the rain out and you're reasonably happy just stay where you are. I think that's very close to being some sort of a philosophy. ★

Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

foundation) of writing many a cabinet minimum speech on a man accused (falsely, but repeatedly) of having used his influence to get a Winnipeg hotel manager dismissed. The net impression is that of a finally sinister Grey Eminence wielding enormous power behind the scenes.

This impression will no doubt be cleared up as soon as Pinkerngill gets out on the platform and makes himself known. But he has another disadvantage, which is more genuine and more serious.

Politicians do not like to see favored individuals leap-frogged into power over their heads. There was considerable resentment not all of which has disappeared when L. B. Pearson was moved from the safe harbor of the civil service into the coveted post of External Affairs. And even his critics admitted that Mike Pearson, after all, had qualifications for the job that were unique. Pinkerngill's qualifications are those that every politician thinks he has.

This jealousy will not be diminished by the fact that Pinkerngill will automatically become the senior minister in the St Laurent cabinet. Normally Mr. C. D. Howe is as close to the Prime Minister in the

In the ordinary voter this question of seniority among politicians is of small importance, but the ordinary voter may regard Pinkerngill as an outsider in another sense. He will be cabinet minister for Newfoundland and MP for Bonavista-Twillingate, replacing Hon. Gordon Bradley. Since Pickersgill was born in Ontario and raised in Manitoba, many people have concluded that Paris, Minister St Laurent has simply picked out a pocket borough for a personal favorite.

Actually Pinkerngill is running in Newfoundland at the personal invitation and suggestion of Premier Joseph Smallwood, who has long been one of his warmest admirers. By coincidence Pickersgill was the first man Smallwood sent when he came to Ottawa to discuss the possibility of Confederation six or seven years ago. Smallwood was delighted to find Pickersgill on native Canadian advocate of Newfoundland's entry, and they have been friendly fellow workers ever since.

There was one critical moment, in particular, when Pinkerngill may have saved the whole Confederation project from being abandoned. Prime Minister Mackenzie King though well disposed to the outset, developed serious doubts as the Confederation campaign wore on. He proclaimed that Canada only wanted Newfoundland if a substantial majority voted yes in the plebiscite. After the first plebiscite ended in stalemate King nodded noticeably. There was real danger that he might declare the narrow final majority to be insufficiently substantial.

Pinkerngill foreseeing this asked one of his staff to look up the popular vote in every election King had run through. On the morning, after the second plebiscite he went into King's office and was greeted with the question: "What did you think of the Newfoundland result?"

"Wonderful," said Pickersgill. "A remarkable majority. Do you realize, sir, that the majority in favor of Confederation is actually larger than any majority you have ever won in any election?"

In a really" said King in a very different tone of voice. Therefore the question of a substantial majority was never raised again.

Last January when Hon. Gordon Fiedlity decided to retire as Secretary of State, Premier Smallwood made a special trip to Ottawa to ask Pickersgill if he would leave the civil service and run as a Newfoundland minister and member. No doubt Smallwood will remind this fact known in Newfoundland voters on the campaign dividends. But among voters outside Newfoundland there will still be a fraction good Liberals, many of them too, who will regard the whole Pinkerngill operation as high handed.

Against all these drawbacks there is the advantage from the public view point of getting one of Canada's ablest politicians into politics. Maybe that is the decisive factor in Pickersgill's mind too. A man who has spent his life as a rough may have developed a consuming desire to play in at least one game and win his last time.

EVER SINCE the fuss about the changes of cheques between Harvey Lumans-Regina syndication and Austin Duncan-Liberal MP, C.C.F.ers and Conservatives have been making cynical remarks about the relations between Government contractors and Liberal politicians.

Most Liberals are annoyed by these innuendoes, but none more so than Jack Harrison, MP for Meadow Lake, Sask. Harrison has fairly learned the hard way how little a Liberal backbencher has to say about the granting of federal contracts.

About three months ago Harrison was walking, along Sparks Street in Ottawa when he met a contractor from Meadow Lake.

"What are you doing in Ottawa?" he asked.

"They're opening the tenders today for that post office job in Meadow Lake." The contractor said. "I thought I'd better be here in case they wanted to discuss anything about the specifications."

Harrison said: "You seem very sure of getting the contract. Aren't there some other bids in besides yours?"

"Yes but I know I've got the lowest bid," said the contractor. "I've got all my men and machinery right there in Meadow Lake and I've figured a very thin margin of profit. These other bids are all from out of town and I'm sure I've got the low bid."

Harrison thought no more about it. That afternoon he got on a plane to fly home for Easter. When he arrived next morning he found a telegram waiting for him. The home-town contractor had lost the contract by seven dollars and a half. He had bid $49,000 and a firm from Lloydminster about eighty miles away had $49,092.50.

Before Harrison had finished his breakfast the deputy mayor of Meadow Lake was on his doorstep. "You'll be mad," he said. "After all the fellow lives here and pays taxes, and he's been living here and pays taxes. You can't let a guy go like that to an outsider from Lloydminster."

I'll see what I can do but don't be too sure," Harrison told him. "The government is going to accept the lowest bid."

Jack Harrison, do you mean to tell me that you'd take away a job from a local man for seven dollars and a half?" said the deputy mayor incredulously. "If you haven't enough influence to fix a thing little thing like that, we'd better get ourselves another MP."

By the time Harrison had heard the same refrain from the president of the Meadow Lake Liberal Association, the Board of Trade and assorted butchers, bakers and candlestick makers who thought their customers were the victims of cruel discrimination Harrison threw in the towel to Ottawa after his next week end in a mood of profound gloom.

He went to see Hon. Alphonse Fournier, Minister of Public Works. As an inspected Fournier said: "Our policy is to give the contract to the lowest bidder." but he did promise to look into the matter. Harrison did the same. He found that the low bidder from Lloydminster had not done any federal work before whereas the Meadow Lake man had a long and creditable record. The more he thought about it the more outrageous it seemed to deprive him of the job for seven fifty.

Harrison offered to pay the Government seven dollars and a half from his own pocket. Fournier of course refused. By the end of them final interview both men had lost their tempers, and Harrison walked out often saying: "If that's your attitude you can go out to Meadow Lake and get yourself elected instead of me."

When Fournier left for the Coronation the matter was still unsettled. The contract had not been awarded at all. ★

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Measured and total, slow and slow —
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With axe and crosscut, fire and hoe.

The sickle in the stumps. And then
The scythe, the horse, the first machine.
While young ones hurried from boys to men,
And earth from green to green.

The shack. And then the house and shop,
And barns. And fields, where once he'd cleared
Burnt mast and where he used to chop
Black spruce for posts, the county road.

The county road — He turns to look
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Was shorter than he'd realized.

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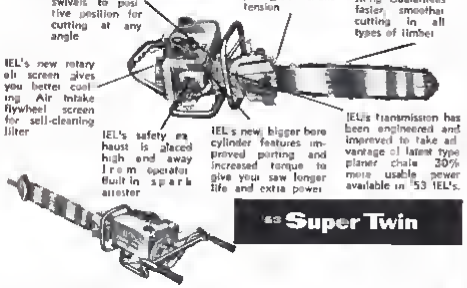
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PARADE

A TRUCK driver in Antigonish, N.S., rang a dumbbell and presented the housewife with a fuel-oil bill.

"But there must be some mistake," she said. "We used to have an oil furnace. In fact, the filler pipe's still in the side of the house. But we don't burn oil any more."

"Oh," said the driver weakly. "Well, I just put three hundred gallons in your cellar."

• • •

In a village near Kitchener, Ont., where they still use the party line, a housewife's phone rang just after she'd varnished the floor around it. She rushed next door to take the call at her neighbor's house. The receiver was off the hook when she arrived, but not for her benefit. Her neighbor was pressed with one hand over the mouthpiece, impatiently waiting for the conversation to begin.

• • •

A Courtenay, B.C., taxi driver answered an out-of-town call and picked up his passenger at the rear of a house. For the rest of the morning he puzzled over the smiles and nods he received all around town. He learned why when he went home for lunch.

In driving under a clothesline in the rural back yard he'd snagged somebody's pink lacy undies on his car aerial.

• • •

A Toronto woman drove the family car downtown and spent twenty minutes hunting a parking space. Finally she spied a parking



lot with room for just one more car. She squeezed in, couldn't find the attendant, so went about her shopping.

When she returned a few hours later the car was still there. Luckily. She'd left it in a used-car lot.

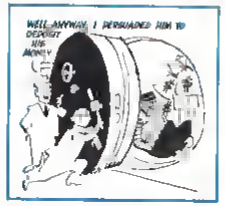
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Many couples, not content merely to honeymoon at Niagara Falls go there to be married. All summer confetti showers an ivory church lawn.

At St. Patrick's Church late this spring a weekly bulletin urged bridal parties to donate, and drove home the point by concluding: "If you must throw something, throw grass seed.'

A customer entered a Vancouver bank and asked for one hundred dollars from his account for just ten minutes. The teller raised an eyebrow but handed the money over. Precisely ten minutes later the man returned with the cash, sadly shaking his head.

"Friend of mine just came over from Europe," he explained. "He's



carrying a lot of money and I told him to put it in the bank where it'll be safe. He says if you put money in a bank you'll never get it back. So I took out my hundred and showed him. But he still won't believe me.

• • •

A midget baseball game in Toronto begged dawn midway through an inning while both sides took after a dog that strayed into the diamond. When the pooch was hustled away the teams lined up again but there was another unexpected delay. The pitcher for the fielding side was off being treated for dog bite.

• • •

A Winnipeg housewife has a man for her husband but is getting enough sleep. One morning recently when the alarm went off he groped for the clock, pressed it to his ear and shouted: "Hello—hello!"

• • •

After a late show a Windsor, Ont., teen-ager and her cousin were dawdling over a snack when the former suddenly glanced at her watch, seized her purse and shouted: "Let's go!"

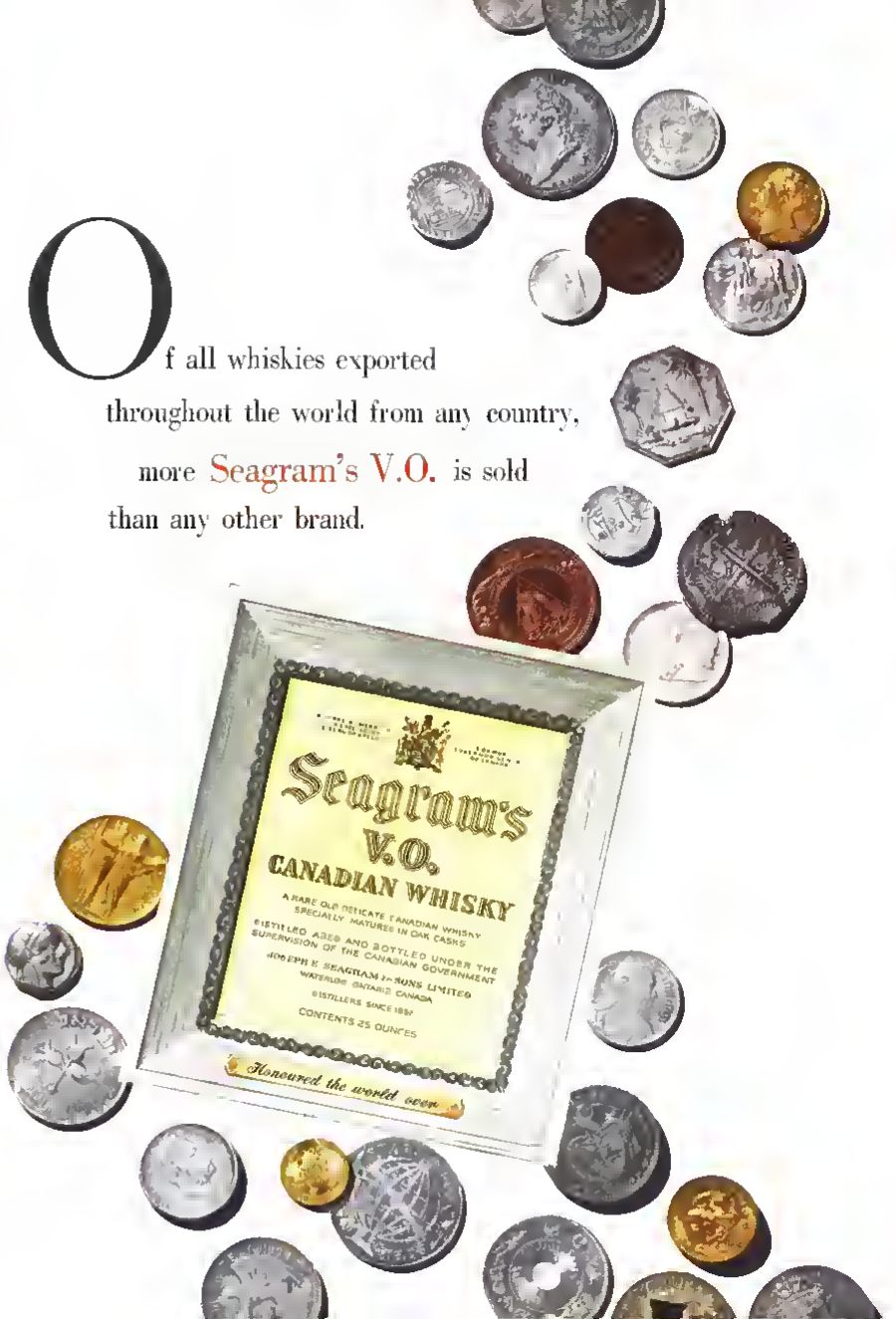
They sprinted home and into the living room. The teen-ager pounced on an alarm clock. "Just made it," she wheezed.

"Made what?" said the cousin.

"The deadline," panted the girl. "Mom and I have an agreement. She sets the alarm for a few minutes after the time I say I'll be home, then goes to bed. If I get home on time I shut it off and she stays asleep. But if I don't and that clock wakes her up she's waiting for me at the door."

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